The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1884. PRICE THREE CENTS.

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54 CALHOUN STREET.

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In every imaginable shade, will simply astonish you. This is pretty steep language, but if you call on us we will prove it in every particular.
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In Stripes, Checks and Changeables. No pains have been spared in choosing the patterns, and secure the goods at Rock Bottom Prices.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

EDITOR SENTINEL—Please announce the name of Charles M. Dawson, present prosecuting attorney, as a candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention of June 21, 1884. MANY DEMOCRATS.

EDITOR SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention of June 21, 1884. JAMES M. ROBINSON.

COUNCILMAN.

EDITOR SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Seventh ward. F. J. FIELD.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A brick house at 119 East Main street. Water and gas in the house. Apply at No. 19 Lafayette street. 30tf.

FOR RENT—A house suitable for a boarding house, on South Calhoun street, near Murray's foundry and the Pittsburg railroad shops. Good basement. For further information, call at Kalbacher's feed store, near by. 10-4t.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Five dwelling houses on East Main street. Desirable residences, with gas and water, in a nice locality. No agents. Call on the owner, J. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 12-1m.

FOR SALE—A fine Irish setter bird dog, well trained. Inquire at No. 26 Wells street. 8-1w.

FOR SALE—At this office, old newspapers.

WANTED.

WANTED—At once, good help for a steam laundry. Only those with experience need apply. Steady work guaranteed. Address, with wages expected, Lock Box 598, Logansport, Ind. 19-3t.

WANTED—A young man to go to Texas to learn stock raising. Fine saddle horse to ride. Plenty of game. Delightful climate. Rare opportunity. For further particulars address, enclosing two 2-cent stamps, Proprietor Don Carlos Ranche, Leon Springs, Bexar County. 4-2w.

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Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, over Graffe's Jewelry Store. Oct 25-tf

ROBERT OGDEN.

Plumber, Steam & Gas Fitter,

IRON AND LEAD PIPE.

Brass goods of all kinds.

112 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Aug1-tf

Silver Ware.

To Editor Fort Wayne Sentinel:

In answer to your note the Meriden Brittanic Co., or Reed & Barton and 1847, Rogers Bros., all silver plated ware, bearing the above stamp, are all triple plated. The above names are never found stamped on any silverware but the triple plated. All silverware stamped with the above names, no person need take the warrant or word of any merchant in America, if the person will take the trouble to look for the stamp of the Meriden Brittanic Co., or 1847, Roger Bros. We will sell tea set, gold lined, six pieces for samples, at net cost, $40. We have a full stock of knives, forks, spoons, castors and cake baskets. Everything needed for table use.

WARD'S CHEAP CROCKERY STORE.

No. 8 West Columbia Street, Sign Big Iron Dog, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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PYKE'S GROCERY,

80 CALHOUN ST.

California Evaporated Plums.
California Evaporated Peaches.
California Evaporated Apricots.
California Evaporated Prunes.
Choice Prunells.
Manna for pudding.
Edam Cheese.
New York Cream Cheese.
East India Gerkins.
Stuffed Mangoes.
Maple Syrup.
Plum Pudding.
Guava Jelly.
Evaporated Vegetables for Soup.
The finest French Confectionery, 35c. per pound.
Aug 15-ly.

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NO. 171 CLINTON STREET.

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7 to 8 A. M. 1 to 4 P. M. 7 to 8 P. M.

Orders may be sent by Telephone day or night.

SMASHED UP.

A Half Dozen Freight Trains Badly Wrecked To-day and the Tracks Blockaded for Hours.

The Directors of the Wabash Railroad Meet to Make a Cash Pool Arrangement.

The Pennsylvania Twenty-first District Republicans Meet and Quarrel--Blaine Endorsed.

A Republican Race.

PITTSBURG, April 12.—Uniontown dispatches says the republican district delegate convention of the Twenty-first congressional district, composed of Westmoreland, Green and Fayette counties, met at the McClelland hotel last evening. Westmoreland county refused to go into a convention composed of more than eight delegates, and retired because Green and Fayette insisted upon nine, or three delegates for each county. After the withdrawal of Westmoreland county the convention organized, and elected Hon. H. K. Ewing and James Sayres delegates to the national convention. Resolutions endorsing Blaine were adopted and the delegates instructed to support him for the presidential nomination.

MORE DELEGATES.

CHICAGO, April 12.—The Third Illinois district convention elected Congressmen George R. Davis and John R. Wheeler as delegates to the republican national convention, with Charles H. Plant and J. Snell as alternates. No instructions were given.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., April 12.—Wm. H. Robertson and James W. Husted were elected delegates to the republican national convention from the twelfth district.

READING, Pa., April 12.— The republicans of the eighth congressional district elected Samuel R. Deppen and Frank S. Livergood delegates to the national convention. There were instructed for Blaine and Lincoln.

Freight Wrecks.

STEUBENVILLE, O., April 12.—This morning at 9 o'clock two freight trains on the Pan Handle road collided in the lower part of the city and wrecked both engines and a large number of cars. The crews escaped by jumping. Trains east and west were delayed several hours.

Two freights also came together at Scott Haven, on the Baltimore and Ohio, at 3 o'clock this morning, and the tracks were blockaded for a quarter of a mile. No one was injured. Trains are eleven hours late.

CINCINNATI, April 12.—A train on the Dayton and Southeastern division of the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis road, was thrown from the track near Beaver's station this morning and Fireman Westerman badly injured. The passengers were unhurt.

LANCASTER, Pa., April 12.—A freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad was wrecked and sixteen cars and the engine demolished.

Wabash Directors.

NEW YORK, April 12—The directors of the Wabash railway company held a meeting this afternoon for the purpose of devising a plan to pool all business on a cash basis similar to that on the southwestern roads and stop existing competition. The meeting adjourned until Monday.

He Must Go Home for Trial.

NEW YORK, April 12—In the case of Charles Hulchawasen, charged with having broken into the house of his uncle, the city treasurer of Brunswick, Germany, and robbing the safe of marks of government money, the commissioner decided that the accused is extraditable for robbery.

A Democrat Seated.

COLUMBUS, O., April 12—In the contested election case of Mickey vs. Loomis the senate to-day seated Mickey, the democrat.

Charity Corn Sold.

CINCINNATI, April 12—The sale of the Butler county, Kas., corn contribution to the flood sufferers took place on 'change to-day. The prices ranged from two to three cents above market rates and the aggregate realized about $7,000.

The Cunard People in Session.

LONDON, April 12.—At a meeting of the Cunard shareholders to-day, Chairman Burns said if parliament passed the merchant shipping bill, introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, president of the board of trade, in its present form, the shipping interests of England would be placed at a disadvantage as compared with those of foreign countries.

Piano Men Fail.

ST. LOUIS, April 12.—Read & Thompson, piano dealers, assigned to-day. Assets, $20,000.

Fatal Cave-in.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., April 12.—A cave-in at the Exelsior colliery killed Thomas Harper and fatally injured Frank Glispick.

Doxey Not Bankrupt.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., April 12.—In an interview published in the Journal, Hon. Charles T. Doxey declares his gains for the year exceed his losses by $75,000, his total losses being $125,000, instead of four times as much as reported, and that he is at present worth a quarter of a million dollars. He says he closed his exchanges with a view of going out of speculative business.

Vapor Stove Monopoly.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 12.—The Iron Trade Review publishes the details of the formation, within the past sixty days, of a combination of the vapor stove manufacturers of the country, under the name of the Association of Vapor Stove Manufacturers of the United States, for the purpose of equalizing prices. Seventen companies are represented in the combination—eight in Cleveland, two each in Detroit, Troy and St. Louis, and one each in Chicago, Albany and Cincinnati. The combined capital represented is $1,500,000 with a total annual capacity of 75,000 stoves, valued at $750,000. The same journal says that within the next ten days suits will be brought against all the manufacturers using, without license, the Davis-Blake safety tank and Clough's movable perforated cap, both essential parts of all the modern vapor stoves. The parties owning these patents are known as the Consolidated Vapor-Stove company, the capital being the agreed value of the ten patents controlled by them, $117,000. There is considerable talk in trade circles in consequence of this movement.

Congressional Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—In the house Mr. Reagan, of the committee on commerce, reported back the resolution calling on the secretary of the treasury for copies of any correspondence now pending with the subordinate officers of the custom house at New York as to the interpretation of section 1,754 of the revised statutes and civil service law in reference to the preference given in appointments to honorably discharged soldiers in the service. Mr. Poland, of the same committee, reported a resolution regulating appeals from the supreme courts of territories to the house calendar.

Captain Henry McKinnie at Manhattan Beach.

Fort Wayne people generally will, with interest, note the success of Captain Henry McKinnie, of this city, in the management of the Manhattan Beach hotel. Mr. Corbin, president of the Manhattan Beach company, tells a reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle: "That arrangements were made some weeks ago with Captain Henry McKinnie for the management of both houses. The captain is well known at Manhattan Beach, having been connected with the hotels each year since the enterprise was first inaugurated, with the exception of the last one, when the houses were under the leaseship of Mr. James H. Breslin. No one will be associated with Captain McKinnie in the management of the two houses. The hotels will be managed for and in the interest of the Manhattan Beach company. Mr. Corbin in concluding his remarks, stated that no expense would be spared to make the Oriental and Manhattan hotels superior to any seaside house on the continent. They had always stood high in the estimation of the public, and he intended that they should stand higher than ever during the coming season."

Mr. P. S. Gilmore has been engaged for the season with sixty pieces, and is as enthusiastic as ever over the Manhattan. He has arranged for artists and music from abroad, and there is no question but that the coming summer will be an exceedingly attractive one.

The damage from the winter storms has been very slight and will not exceed $3,000. It is believed that the new beach made between the Brighton and Manhattan hotels has added largely to the value of the property, not only in the way of ornament, but as a means of defense against violent storms.

STILL EXCITED.

The Chicago Grain and Provision Market Opens Wildly--A Drop in Prices Again Recorded.

An Illinois Matron Convicted of Cruelty to Children in the Home for the Friendless.

A Lehigh Valley Locomotive Fireman Pitched Into the Fire-box and Roasted Alive.

Chicago Market Excited.

CHICAGO, April 12.—The opening on 'change was wild this morning and the premonition of lower prices seemed to prevail in the crowd and this was verified by May wheat opening at 84 cents, 1¼ under the highest price of Thursday. Prices fell off to 83⅜, but buying was very free at this point and a rally to 84¼ occurred and it is now about 84.

Corn opened 49⅜, one cent under Thursday and remains steady at that figure.

June pork opened $17.40 and is now $17.50.

May lard opened $8.50 and is now $8.52½.

The weather is clear and cool.

NOON—The markets stronger at 10:30 and trading has been quieter and steadier. Since that hour May wheat is quotable 84⅜, may corn, 49½, May pork, $17.50, May lard, $9.55, June $65.

1:10 P. M.—The markets closed lower but with very active trading in wheat. Up to the close wheat sold at 79⅞ for April, 83⅜ for May, 75⅞@75⅞ for June, 76⅞ for July.

NEW YORK, April 12, 11 a. m.—The stocks lower and declined from ¼ to ½. The weakest stocks were Wabash preferred, Union Pacific, Lackawana, Reading, Rochester and Pittsburg.

Wheat is 1¼ @ 1½ lower, heavy and unsettled with one active speculative trading.

Cruelty to Children.

CHICAGO, April 12—In the trial of Miss Anna Shook, for cruelty to children, as manager of the home of the friendless institution, located at Lagrange, Ill., the jury this morning returned a verdict of guilty as to those counts in the indictment relating to the fact that she permitted children to be placed in such a situation where their health may be endangered and injured. This convicts her on a lesser charge only and sentence is deferred, awaiting arguments on a motion for a new trial.

Ship Launched.

CHESTER, Pa., April 12.—The United States dispatch boat Dolphin, built at Roach's yards, was successfully launched this afternoon. A large number of persons were present, among them Secretary Chandler, Admiral Mullany and other officers of the navy. Mr. Roach was himself complimented on the fine appearance of the ship.

Roasted Alive.

EATON, Pa., April 12.—The body of Butler, the fireman of the coal train wrecked on the Lehigh Valley railroad yesterday, has not yet been found. He was throwing coal into the fire box when the accident occurred and it is believed he was thrown into the fire and roasted alive. Over thirty cars were wrecked.

He Won't Tell Now.

HAVANA, April 12.—General Badeau, late United States consul general here, declines to state his reasons for tendering his resignation yesterday and says he may see fit later to give an explanation through the press. The impression prevails that the resignation is in some way connected with the Aguer expedition.

The Fires.

NEW YORK, April 12.—This morning at 92 and 94 Green street, caused a loss to Samuel Corn & Sons, cap makers, of $200,000, George E. Tilge & Co., hatters, of $15,000, and H. Babee, $6,000. The building was damaged $8,000.

Died on the Cars.

LONDON, April 12.—Edward Smith, American consul at Mannheim, died of apoplexy last evening in a railway carriage near Reading. He was on his way home.

A Big Failure.

ANTWERP, April 12—The Messrs. Ghisling, bankers, of Charleroi, have failed. Liabilities, 16,000,000 francs.

Fishing With Dynamite.

SHELBYVILLE, April 12—Albert Luther, a carpenter on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago road, who lives at Waldron, while at Farmland, began fishing with dynamite. One of the cartridges exploded in his hand tearing his right arm off, fearfully lacerating his leg and wounding his face. His wounds are such that he will die. He is married and has a family.

Cuban Troubles.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Havana advices are to the effect that a battalion of regular troops has been sent to Vuelta Arriba, and that fears are entertained that the Cuban refugees in San Domingo are preparing to return surreptitiously. The Spanish minister of the colonies made another loan of $3,000,000 in Barcelona at 9½ per cent. per annum, pleging the customs income of Cuba. Panic reigns in the markets at Havana, and bills of exchange are almost unsalable.

What Congressman Belford Says.

WASHINGTON, April 12—"Either Grant or Blaine will be the republican nominee for president," said Congressman Belford, of Colorado, yesterday. "When I say this I know what I am talking about. Grant is the man who is most likely to be the choice of the convention. There can hardly be a doubt that he will be nominated. But if he should not, then the forces will go over to Blaine, and he will be nominated. Wait until the middle of May, and you will see that I am right. I know, I know what is contemplated."

Emperor William Feeble.

LONDON, April 12—The Emperor William, it is reported on good authority, has entered into a state of pronounced dotage. He has become abnormally suspicious of every person surrounding him and constantly exhibits a childish eagerness to be before the public in imperial state and to perform royal duties. His mania renders him almost intractable to the attending physicians. They find themselves compelled to resort to all subterfuges in order to deceive their patient into accepting the discipline absolutely necessary in his present enfeebled condition.

Horrible Case of Infanticide.

JOLIET, Ill., April 12—A sensation has been stirred up in Crete township, about twenty miles east of this city, over a horrible species of infanticide, intelligence of which has just reached here. It appears that neighbors of Miss Ellen Cole, who is a single woman, living alone and owning considerable property, were passing her residence and detecting a strong smell, went in. They searched, and finding blood and strips of bloody flesh on the floor near the stove, they finally discovered a package, also bloody, which on unrolling was found to contain the partially burned body of a newly born babe. The woman confessed that she had that morning been delivered of a living female child, which she had attempted to dispose of by burning it in the stove.

"FOR FUN."

Four boys were full of fun; they wanted to see the people get a tumble as they came out of church, so they stretched a rope across the sidewalk and hid behind the hedge to "have a good laugh."

After service the people found the rope; they found something else lying near—poor little Alice! It was long before she opened her eyes again, and then it was only to know she could not skip about any more, could never even sit in her cosy chair, but must lie on her couch all the days of her life. Just for fun!

Little Alice came running down the street; she had been carrying a basket of fruit and flowers to Auntie Comstock, who was ill; and the cheery words spoken by the invalid made the little gir very happy; so she came hopping and singing along, gay as any bird. The night was dark, the street lamps dim and far apart. The little girl fell. The boys ran away.

Some young men in college must "have a little fun you know," so they pinioned a companion and poured brandy down his throat. A few hours later this telegram went flashing over the wires into a peaceful home: "Come at once; your son is dead!" To-day those boys are wanderers over the face of the earth; behind them is a desolate home, an early grave—all "for fun!"

Five or six idle boys wanted a "jolly time," so they caught a little, homeless dog, saturated its tangled and matted hair with kerosene, then applied a lighted match. In a moment the poor creature was in a blaze. With cries of agony it ran hither and thither—oh, how the boys laughed—then it rushed into the open barn and hid beneath the close packed hay. In a moment all was ablaze, and before assistance could arrive, barn, house and the entire contents were destroyed. They had their fun; mamma and the little ones were left homeless.—Humane Journal.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

BIG SINNERS

WHO ARE FOUND IN BIG PLACES.

Some of the Peculiarities of National and State Politics.

A Higher Plane of Virtue and Morality Sadly Needed,

Which Can Best be Acquired by Kneeling at the Foot of the Cross.

Dr. Talmage is about to begin a new series of special sermons on the great questions of the day. Among the subjects to be treated of which he announced are the following: Should divorce be made more easy? Are the theatres of America improving very rapidly in high moral tone? Can the unpardonable sin be committed in our time? Is modern Spiritualism a revelation or a swindle? Shall monopolies rule every things Is life worth living? Is death a good thing? Why does God let Satan and sin continue, when with one blow he could annihilate them? How shall we meet this immensity of foreign population? Are the dead aware of the honors done them and the garlands put on their graves? These and other topics will be treated of in the coming series.

The hymn sung by the congregation at the services was:

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess."

Before the sermon Dr. Talmage read the story of Ahithophel and his political stratagems. The subject of the sermon was "Big Sinners in Big Places," and the text was a double one, the first part being from Psalm xxvi, 10: "Their right hand is full of bribes," and the last part from Ecclesiastes, x., 16: "Woe to thee, O, land, when thy King is a child and thy Princes eat in the morning."

The morals of a nation, said Dr. Talmage, hardly ever rise higher than the virtue of the rulers. Henry VIII. makes impurity national and popular. William Wilberforce says the parliament is perpetual elevation to an empire. Sin, epauletted and bestarred, comes to respect and canonization; vice, elevated, is recommended. Malarias rise from the marsh, float upward and away, but moral distempers descend from the mountain to the plain. The slums disgust men with their bestiality of sin; but dissolute French court and corrupt congressional delegations put a premium upon crime. The most of the vices of the world are kingly exiles that had a throne once, but drven out, they have come down in tattered robes to be entertained by the humble and the insignificant.

I do not believe there is any nation on earth which has more noble minded and pure hearted men in places of authority than this nation. There is not a meeting of legislature or congress, or cabinet, but has in it the best specimens of Christian character—men whose hands would consume a bribe, whose cheek has never been flushed with intoxication, whose lips have never been smitten of blasphemy or stung of a lie; men whose speeches against the wrong and in behalf of the right make us think of the fiery words of the Scotch Covenanters, and of the daring challenge of Martin Luther, and of the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. I do not believe that our legislative and political councils are as corrupt as they were in olden time. I will not believe it so long as I read in history of Aaron Burr, stuffed with corruption until he could hold no more—body, mind and soul. Soaked in abomination, the debaucher of the debauched, yet a member of the state legislature, afterward attorney-general, afterward United States senator, and, last of all, vice president of the union. You can not make me believe that political dishonesty is peculiar to our day when I find out that the governor of this very state fifty years ago disbanded the legislature because it was too corrupt to sit in council; and when in the state of Massachusetts there was a man in the gubernational chair so offensive that when he made his proclamation for Thanksgiving day, ending with his own signature as governor and the stereotyped phrase, "God save the common wealth," a minister of Christ, while reading the governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving, put this emphasis after reading the proclamation, saying, "Marcus Morton, governor of Massachusetts. God save the common wealth!" There has been a tendency to contrast the past with the present to the advantage of the former, and I suppose that sixty years from now political writers will make angels out of us, although the material now seems so very unpromising. But the crimes in high places in olden times are no apology for the crimes in high places in modern times, and I shall now unroll before you the scroll of public wickedness. If there ever was a time when the minister of the gospel and the philanthropist should speak out, this is the time. King David must feel the rebuke of Nathan; Felix must be made to tremble, sin must be denounced; God must be honored; the nation must be saved. We may hold back the truth on these subjects and walk with muffled feet lest we wake up some big sinner. But what will we answer on the day when men who have stood in the high places of the earth, warring against God, shall fall like lightning from heaven? Or, as John Milton has it:

"Hurled headlong, flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruins and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition."

I stand in the presence of those by whose vote, and by whose printing press, and by whose social influence, and by whose prayer, the future character of this country is to be decided.

In unrolling, then, this scroll of public wickedness, the first thing that I mark especially is incompetency for office. If a man seek for a place and win it when he is incompetent he is committing a crime against God and man. It is not a sin for me to be ignorant of medical science; but if, without medical attainment, I set myself up among professional men, and trifle in my ignorance with the lives of those whose confidence I have won, then my charlatanism becomes high handed knavery. The ignorance that in the one case was innocence, in the other case becomes a crime. It is not a sin for me to be ignorant of machinery, but if I attempt to engineer a steamer across the Atlantic amid darkness and hurricanes, holding the lives of hundreds of people in my grasp, then the blood of all the shipwrecked is on my garment. But what shall we say of men who attempt to engineer our state and national affairs, over the rough waters without the first element of qualification—men not knowing enough to vote "yea" or "nay" until they have looked for the wink of others of their party? So we have had legislative and congressional committees to make tariff and homestead bills, and arrange about the fisheries, and think out the best way of collecting indemnities—men whose incompetency has been the laughing stock of the country. In this country to-day qualification for office is not the question; but "How much has the man done for the party?" And so we had a congressional committee that made one tariff for flax seed oil, and another for linseed oil, not knowing, in their stupidity, that flax seed oil and linseed oil are the same thing. No depth or length or breadth of disqualification in this country hinders a man from holding office. The polished civilian of acknowledged integrity, profoundly acquainted with the spirits of our institution, is run over by the great stampede of men who rush out from their bloated and unthinking ignorance to take the positions of trust in this country. So we have had in some parts of this country, school commissioners nominated in a grog shop, hurraed for by the rabble, hardly able to read their own commissions when they were handed to them; judges of courts in important cases giving the charges with so much inaccuracy of phraseology that the thief in the prisoner's box was more amused at the stupidity of the Bench than alarmed at his own prospective punishment. We arraign, to-day, incapacity for office as one of the crimes to be seen in our national and state councils.

I unroll the scroll a little further and find intemperance and the co-ordinate crimes. I admit there has been some improvement in this thing. Senators notorious for their drunkenness are either dead or defeated to stay at home. The grog shop that used to flourish in the basement of the capitol, where senators once went to get inspiration for their speeches, has been abolished, although it is said that there are places in the capitol where members can get very strong lemonade. The plague is not yet stayed. I knew a man who, only a few years ago, was an example of integrity, and honored everywhere. I went to Washington. I had not seen him for years, and I thought I would send my card into the house of representatives and call him out. The card went in by the sergeant-at-arms, and my old friend who I had not seen for ten years came in staggering drunk. In this country the temptations to intemperance in public life are so great that more of our men in office die of delerium tremens and the kindred diseases that come from intemperence and an impure life than from all other causes combined. There is one weapon that slays more senators and congressmen and legislators and common council men than any other, and that is the bottle. How few of the men who who were in prominent political offices twenty-five or thirty years ago, when they died, came to honorable graves? The family physician to relieve the family and keep them from national disgrace, said it was gout, or it was epilepsy, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services. But God knew it was whisky. It was the same habit that smote the great man down that smote the dark villain in the alley. The one you wrapped in a coarse cloth, and threw into a rough coffin, and carried out in a box wagon, and put down in a pauper's grave, without prayer or benediction; the other gathered the pomp of the city, and the name was on the silver plate, and lordly men walked uncovered beside the hearse with tossing plumes on the way to a grave soon to be adorned with a marble pillar of four sides, which shall be covered with the story of the man who died of exhaustion from patriotic services. The difference between the two was this: The one put an end to his existence with logwood rum at two cents a glass, and the other perished in a beverage at $3 a bottle. I write both of their epitaphs; on a shingle over the pauper's grave I write it with a lead pencil; on the white shaft over a senator's tomb I cut it with a chisel, "Slain by Strong Drink."

It is a simple fact that dissipated habits have not in this country been a hindrance to a man's getting office, if he be sober sometimes; if the governor can get straight enough to write his message; if the judge's tongue is not positively thick when he delivers his charge; if the vice-president is not drunk when he is sworn in—that will do. So we have had world renowned secretaries of state carried out drunk from their office, and senators of the United States arrested at midnight in houses of shame for uproarious behavior; judges and jurors and lawyers by night, while the trial is going on by day, gambling and singing the song of the drunkard. Oh, it is a sad thing to have a hand tremulous with intoxication holding the scales of justice when the lives of men and the destinies of a nation are in the balance; to have a charioteer with unskilled hands on the reins while the swift destinies of government have been dashed to pieces and empires have gone down in darkness and woe!

What was it that drove back your armies in the last war so often? Were your sons and fathers cowards? No! It was because so often drunkenness sat in the saddle. What are those graves on the heights of Fredericksburg, as you pass down to Richmond? Was it the sword or the bottle that slew them? The bottle! for that day drunkenness rode in some of the stirrups, leading forth your sons and fathers to death. Dissipation in all the high circles as well as the low. A trial in the courts ever and anon reveals the fact that impurity walks in robes and dances under the palatial chandelier, and drowses on the damask upholstery. Sin is tolerable, if it is only rich. Stand back and let the libertine go by, for he rides in a $3,000 turn out. The congressional galleries have sometimes been thrilled by the appeals of men who on the following night, fulfilled what Solomon had said: "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of stocks, until a dart strike through his liver." Meanwhile, political parties are silent lest they lose votes; and newspapers are quiet lest they lose subscribers; and ministers of the gospel are still, lest some affluent pew holder should be disgusted. But God's indignation gathers like the fiery flashes around the edges of a blackening cloud just before the swoop of a tornado. His voice sounds through the country to-day, in the words of the text: "Woe unto thee, oh land, when thy King is a child and thy Princes drink in the morning!" Oh, the land groans to be delivered! It sweats great drops of blood! It is crucified, not between two thieves, but between a thousand, while the nations ride past, wagging their heads and crying, "Aha, aha!"

I unroll the scroll of political wickedness still further, and I see the crime of bribery.

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Sir Francis Bacon, lord chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of Novum Organum and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precious that, when a little child, being asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than Your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Johnson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—$30,000 a year, and Twickenham court a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire and Gorhambury—yet under this temptation to bribery falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as an excuse that all his predecessors took them, he was fined $200,000, or what corresponds with our $200,000, and imprisonment in the London Tower. So, also Lord Chancellor Macclesfield fell; so also Lord Chacellor Waterbury perished. The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. All of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobiler. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for $31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary. Ahithopel forsook David and Judas kissed Christ.

You know as well as I that in the past few years it has been impossible to get a law passed by state or national legislature unless there was some financial consideration. When a bill has appeared at the door the question among your representatives has been: "How much money is in this?" Reformers and philanthropists, with some scheme for the elevation of the nation, approach the door of the legislature, or the door of congress, and are laughed at because their hands are empty. Political bribes, offered in the shape of preferment for office: "If you vote so and so you shall have so and so," "If you will vote for my bill, giving a monopoly to my moneyed institution, then I will vote for your bill, giving a monopoly to your moneyed institution," "Here is a bill with which we shall have a great deal of trouble, but it must go through. Crowd the lobbies with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors, make an entertainment for the members, and when they are good and drunk have them promise to vote that way. Put $2,000 in the hands of this man, who will be prudent in the distribution of it. Put $2,000 in the hands of this man, who will see that it does good. Be very cautious how you approach men. Now we want only four votes and this matter will be all right. Give $1,000 to that very intelligent member from Westchester. Give $500 to that stupid member from Ulster. Now, we have but two more votes to regulate. Give $300 to this man and he will be sick and stay at home, and then give $300 to this man, and he will go to the bedside of his great aunt languishing in her last sickness." The day for the passage of the bill has come. The speaker thumps his gavel upon the desk and says. "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of this bill that will vote $100,000 or $200,000 or $1,000,000 into the hands of unprincipled speculators, will say aye." Aye! aye! aye! aye! "All opposed. No The ayes have it." The money is wasted, the public treasure is gone, business is embarrassed, and our national and state legislatures become the sewers into which the filth and the vomit of this nation empty themselves. If you think that I exaggerate the matter, go to any of these places just before a bill is to be passed, and learn that I have not more than half represented the truth in the case, and that this crime of bribery is smiting the whole country, depleting your wealth, oh, you men of affluence, grinding harder your faces, oh, you children of the poor! Some of the finest houses ever built on Madison Square, and Beacon street, and Rittenhouse Square, have been built out of money paid for votes by railroad companies in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The machinery of bad American politics is made up of about five hundred wheels and the cogs of these wheels play into a greater wheel, and this great center wheel has a tire of railroad iron, and also a crank on which is the hand of Satan, and he turns the great wheel and that turns all the five hundred smaller wheels in the political manufactory. What has been seen in other countries threatens this land. Which is a consequence of partial legislature, the great masses of the people and find it harder and harder work to make a living. We have too many men in this country who are worth their five millions; and their ten millions, and their twenty millions, and their forty millions, and their fifty millions, and their seventy millions, and their eighty millions, and they carry our legislation in one pocket and congress in the other. There is revolution ahead. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution and at the ballot box, where only money can be corrected. We had a forty years contest about black slavery. We are to have a ten or twenty years contest about white slavery. We are to have emancipation of American labor from the curse of monopoly. I do not believe in the union of church and state, but I do believe that unless the church of Jesus Christ rises up and proves herself the friend of the people, as well as the friend of God, and in sympathy with the great masses who are fighting this battle for bread, the church, as at present organized, will become a defunct institution, and Christ will go down again to the beach and with twelve honest fishermen come up into the apostalship of a new dispensation.

The democratic party filled its cup of iniquity before it went out of power at the beginning of the war. The republican party came along, and as it had more opportunity by reason of the contracts, filled its cup of iniquity in shorter time, and there they are, two carcasses lying side by side—the republican party and the democratic party—putrefied until they have no more power to rot! The bribery during the war is cursing us yet, and I fear will curse us for a century. You know how it was then. "If you give me the contract above all others who will apply for it I'll give you 10 per cent. of the profits. If you will only pass these worn out cavalry horses, and certify that they are fit for service I'll give you $5,000 "bonus." "Bonus" was the word. So it went down to your sons and fathers in the army—rice that was worm eaten, crackers that were moldy, garments that were shoddy, meat that was rank, horses that stumbled in the charge, tents that sifted the rain into the faces of the exhausted. But it was all right, for they got the bonus!

The argument in behalf of the stability of republics is stronger in my mind now than it ever was. If our government had not been thoroughly established all this bribery and theft and outrage would have swamped it forever. The amount of money that has been spent in this country in railroads that ought never to have been constructed, in canals that ought never to have been dug, in loans that ought never to have been allowed, in farcical schemes that ought never to have been countenanced, would have swamped any three monarchies.

My charge is to you in all departments of life steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money, it may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transactions of private life and public life will come up for public reprehension. We can not bribe death; we can not bribe sickness; we can not bribe the grave; we can not bribe the judgements of that God who thunders in my text. "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." "Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "Fie!, can't death be hired? Is money nothing? Must I die, and so rich? If the owning of the whole realm could save me I could get it by policy or by purchase by money." No, death would not be lured then; he will not be lured now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrow is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell the bribe taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud or put it in your palm on the day of resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright shining gold as it was on the day you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall from the wrist, clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time; you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world when you are longing for sympathy you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up you will find it to be Judas who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe, and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss upon the pure cheek of his Divine Master.

If I thought there was nothing for you and me to do I would not preach this sermon. There are four things for you to do. First, stand off from all political office unless your own principles are thoroughly settled. Do not go into the the blaze of temptation unless you are fire proof. Common council, water board, legislative hall and congressional assemblage have been the damnation of many respectable people. But if you go into political life without your principles thoroughly settled, before you get through with it you will drink and you will swear. You will lie and you will take bribes. "Ah," you say, "that is not complimentary." Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.

The second thing to do is to take counsel of Paul and to pray for your rulers; pray for all in authority. Do you know that Shadrach and Abednego did not need the Son of God beside them in the fire as much as your rulers do? We pray every Sunday for the president of the United States because he is in the liturgy. But have we been entirely cleared of all responsibility for the national corruption from the fact that we have not prayed as we should for our representatives? When I take up the paper and see some awful defalcation in character I feel just as I did when I saw the account of the wreck of the Northfleet in English waters—the Northfleet run down by a strong steamer; for those men were crushed into by temptations with fiery furnace and thundering wheel bucket, and there was no life boat. Pray for your rulers?

In the next place be faithful at the ballot box. Do not stand on your dignity and refuse to vote because the rable go. Put on your old clothes and elbow your way through the unwashed, and the wretched and the abandoned and go to the polls. Cast your own vote. Make up your mind in a Christian way as to who are the best for office; then vote for the man who loves God and hates rum. Refuse to vote, or vote the wrong way, and you sin against the graves of the men who died for the government, and you sin against your children, who may live to feel the curse of your negligence or your political dishonesty.

But I have a better prescription than all. It is the fourth thing I have to say in the way of counsel, and that is, Evangelize the people. Gospelize this country, and you will have pure representatives and pure men everywhere. I have no faith in the conversion of an old politician. I never knew one to be converted. I suppose the grace of God can do it, but seldom tries it. What work we have to do we have to do with the great masses of the people who cast the votes, and with our children who are coming up to be sovereigns. The woman who in the Sabbath school class teaches six boys how to be Christians does more for our political future than all the fine essays that were ever written about the constitution or the arraignment of the American senate for holding stock of the credit Mobelier. I want you to understand there is work for you and me to do. Change men's hearts and their lives will be right. There are good men trying to have the Christian religion recognized in the constitution of the United States. But, my friends, you get the people converted by the grace of God and I do not care about the mere technicality of a constitutional recognition. What we want in this country is just four revivals—revivals that come like those in the days of Nettleton and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield. We want four revivals at once; one starting from the north, rolling south; one starting from the south, rolling north; one starting from the east, rolling west; one starting from the west, rolling east. And then I want to stand on the spot where the four seas meet, that I may shout, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ." But remember that if there be fifty millions of people in this country, upon you rests a fifty millionth part of the responsibility. The least thing you can do for the country is to contribute toward it a heart changed by the grace of God and a heart all pure. Remember that it is not as nations we are at last to be judged, but as individuals, each man answering for himself in that day when monarchies and republics alike shall perish, and the earth itself shall become a heap of ashes, scattered in the blast of the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty!

ON MANAGING HUSBANDS.

See that your husband is properly fed and the chances are that he will take pleasure in seeing that you are properly clothed. The experiment is worth trying anyhow.

When any of your husband's relatives comes always give them the spare room. If you should give up your own apartment and sleep in the spare room yourself you might catch your death of cold.

Judge a man not by great deeds, but by the little attentions of daily life. If he nightly brings an evening paper home to you be sure that, although older and more careworn than when he married you, he is your ardent lover still.

Put down bedroom carpets late in the day, when it is too dark to see where you drop your tacks. When your husband gets up at night and goes searching around for the paregoric he will find them and perhaps pick them up for you.

In a family of children it usually happens that one or two are bad tempered and very hard to manage. Never lose an opportunity of reminding your husband that they do not bear the slightest resemblance to any member of your family. This will keep him from fancying that they take after you.

It is very necessary when a business man comes home after a day of barrassing care and continued struggle with powerful competitors that his mind should be distracted from such subjects. The best way to accomplish this is to spend the evening telling him about the incapacity and impudence of your servants.

Always keep the love letters your husband wrote you before marriage in a well locked iron box in the darkest corner of the attic. Nothing puts a man in such a temper as to stumble across his former effusions and read a few pages of them. Some men under such circumstances have been known to kick themselves down stairs and be seriously injured.

Always be in some far away part of the house when your husband comes in and let him hunt you up. If he finds you in the lumber room covered with dust and dirt, slashing around with a wet cloth in your hand, he will know that you are faithfully doing your "dooty." If you should meet him in the hall with neatly arranged hair and a smiling, up-turned face, he might imagine that you had been lounging in the parlor all day reading French novels.

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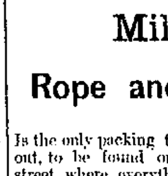

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THE "PIE-BITERS;"

—OR—

The Girl who Fell in Love with the Author.

The literary sensation of 1883 was "The Pie-Biters," a novel of contemporaneous human interest appearing serially in the Centennial Magazine. It was a work of considerable force and originality. Its plot was novel and interesting; the characters were vigorously, though at times crudely drawn, and the dialogue was of a popular breezy nature. Its chief attraction, however, was the air of mystery which surrounded its origin. The public, ignorant of the identity of its author, ascribed it to numerous writers of more or less fame, and quite exhausted its ingenuity in endeavoring to solve the riddle. The publishers with great shrewdness used this mystery to good advantage to advertise the work, and the press, influenced by the popular interest in the authorship, used all the powerful means at its command to discover the secret.

The eminent Mr. Griddle, of the New York Forum, who was popularly supposed to sustain intimate relations with the publishers, asserted with unanswerable arguments that the author of "The Pie-Biters" was William Howls, of Beauville; while the San Francisco Nugget with equal positiveness declared that it plainly recognized through the work the playful hand of John Gruss, author of the famous "Large Trowsers." The lesser newspaper fry, following the example of their noted brethren, expended much ingenuity and enthusiasm in bringing forward their own particular candidates.

Seven cities contended for the honor of the birth place of Homer, but this was collapsed; for no less than sixty-seven cities, fourteen villages, and three railway crossings vigorously claimed the author of "The Pie-Biters."

"Pie-Biter" hats became the rage; the "Pie Biter" waltz was the musical gem of the day, and the eminent showman, Mr. Barnum, publicly offered $5,000 to the author if he would reveal his identity and consent to exhibit himself beneath the canvas with the bearded lady and the Andalusian fat boy.

Among all the admirers of "The Pie-Biters" there was none more wildly enthusiastic over its merits than Miss Lucy Sheldon. She garnished her conversation with plentiful quotations from its pages, and drew unfavorable comparisons between her friends and the characters in the novel. She lived in a complete atmosphere of romance, and bridged the time intervening between the issues of the story by rehearsing its previous incidents.

The burden of her rhapsodizing deluged the patient ears of Absalom Perkins, her worthy guardian. But frequently Frederick Kane was caught in the shower. Frederick was the old gentleman's favorite nephew, and therefore was always a welcome guest at Perkins Villa. That is, whenever a lapse in his reportorial duties permitted his absence from the office of the Morning Clarion.

He had known and admired Lucy from her infancy, and this admiration, nourished by his constant association with her, grew into an earnest devotion. Whether she reciprocated this feeling or not was a matter of some doubt in his mind. But he bided his time.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon Frederick ran down to the pleasant suburb where his uncle resided. His ancient relative greeted him with customary warmth, but Lucy, who was feverishly cutting with a hairpin the leaves of the latest issue of the Centennial, scarcely noticed his entrance.

"A fresh attack of the old disease," whispered the ancient Absalom, playfully jabbing at his nephew's ribs.

"So I see," assented Frederick. "It may be contagious; let us fly to the billiard room while there is yet time."

Lucy raised her head scornfully and glared at Frederick. "This is newspaper wit, I suppose," she said. "You sneer at my enthusiasm over this story, but that's because you can't appreciate it. Yet I can see that you're dying of envy because you can't write anything half so good."

"I only envy the author his power of winning your approval," gallantly answered Frederick.

"That's quite worthy of your society column. Why do you waste it on me? I believe you pretend to be a writer. And what do you do? You write about horrid horse races, and police courts, and prize fights, and—and— and—church fairs."

"Sharp, though slightly illogical," said old Absalom as he left the room, beckoning Frederick to follow. But that gentleman stoutly held his ground.

"Well," he argued, "the duties you mention may not be the highest form of art, but they may serve as stepping stones to better things. You will remember that even Dickens was once a reporter."

"I hope," said Lucy, feelingly, "you don't claim that Dickens wrote anything like 'The Pie-Biters'?"

"Certainly not," said Frederick.

She looked at him dubiously for a moment as if uncertain of his meaning, then fell to devouring the pages of the magazine. Frederick with an amused smile sauntered out and joined his uncle in the billiard room.

He did not see Lucy again until he met her that evening at the dinner table. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled; she even looked at Frederick with some degree of toleration.

"And how are our worthy friends 'The Pie-Biters'?" queried Absalom with a portentious wink at Frederick.

"Now, Guardy," cried Lucy, "don't turn on me too. It's bad enough to hear this penny-a-liner scoffing without you aiding him."

"I'm sure I haven't said anything," expostulated Frederick.

"No-o-o! But you look it and that's a great deal worse. I know you think I am a silly girl to waste so much time over a novel, but to my mind 'The Pie-Biters' is the finest work ever written. It goes straight to the heart: it strikes responsive chords."

Here the old gentleman turned very red and furtively kicked at Frederick under the table.

"Ah!" cried that young man, grimacing with pain, "do you think so? Perhaps I am incompetent to fairly judge it, but I frankly confess that I cannot find in it the qualities you rave about. To my mind it seems to be written with but one purpose and that is——"

"To elevate struggling humanity," cried Lucy.

"No; to fill the purse of the author."

"That's quite too bad, Mister Kane," cried the offended girl, with a heavy stress upon the "Mister." You willfully misjudge the author. I know he is a noble hearted man; one without a single selfish thought. The author of 'The Pie Biters' mercenary! No, indeed! Every line he has written shows his disinterested character and his deep sympathy with human nature. Could anything be more artistic and gentlemanly than his treatment of the heroine in the October number? You remember that she has just invited Maj. Burnham to elope to Pittsburg with her, and what does this grand author make him reply? Listen:

"Pearl Patchen, I can never consent to such a sacrifice on your part. The man who would be base enough to ruthlessly tear a red headed girl from her home at the near approach of a severe winter has no abiding sympathy in his heart for her freezing family.'"

At this point Uncle Absalom snorted derisively, but dexterously changed it into a harsh cough when he noticed his ward's indignant gaze turned upon him. Frederick eyed his plate intently.

"You see," she went on "he wished by his coarseness to shatter her idol. This may arouse your levity"—here she frowned at her guardian—"but to me it reveals the profound insight of exalted genius."

"To me," said Frederick decidedly, "that particular passage sounded like the wildest bosh."

Lucy flushed a vivid scarlet, and her eyes shone with an ominous light. "Bosh," she repeated; "what irreverence. Still you know the author of 'Pie Biters' is worthy of universal love. I worship him myself!"

"What!" gasped Absalom.

"What!" repeated his nephew.

"Yes," cried Lucy, quite unterrified, "and I'd marry him to-morrow if he'd ask me. No life could be sweeter than one consecrated to him and his noble works."

"Probably he's got a wife or two already," said her guardian. "That's the way with these geniuses."

"No," said Frederick, "he's unmarried. I know him."

"You know him?" almost screamed Lucy. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because it was a matter of confidence. I have, however, told him of your great admiration for him and his story, and he has expressed a desire to meet you—provided, of course, that you will respect his secret."

"It shall be sacred," murmured Lucy.

"He's safe then," chuckled Mr Perkins. "Did you ever hear of a woman that couldn't keep a secret?"

"Then it's decided. Next Saturday I will bring him here."

"Here," cried Lucy, with clasped hands and ecstatic expression, "here! The spot will be famous forever. Guardy, I must have a new dress for the occasion."

She looked at Frederick and fancied that he seemed pained at her enthusiasm.

"Thank you Frederick," she softly said. "You have given me much pleasure."

She rose from the table and turned to leave the room. As she reached the door the old man called after her:

"You still think you'd marry him?"

Lucy turned defiantly. "Yes," she answered, "if he should ask me." Then the door closed behind her.

The two looked at each other across the table and smiled.

The appointed Saturday dawned bright and clear, but Lucy's spirits were not in harmony with it. She was nervous and absent minded, and little inclined to enjoy her usual daily occupations. She feverishly worked a few Kensington stitches in a table cover only to savagely rip them out again. Then she brought out her colors and tried to paint, but quit in disgust when she discovered that she had adorned the face of her Spanish lady with a brilliant carmine nose. Her efforts at the piano were equally unsuccessful.

Her guardian observed all these evidences of her agitation with intense enjoyment, and gave way to unseemly mirth on numerous occasions.

As the hour appointed for the interview drew nigh Lucy's nervousness increased ten fold. So anxious was she to appear at her best that her patient maid was almost driven wild with her vagaries. At last all her exactions were satisfied. Never had she appeared more beautiful, and the ancient Absalom, who was keenly sensitive to female loveliness, embraced her with pride.

For some time she sat in the drawing room in silent state. Then she heard steps upon the walk, a buzz of voices in the hall, and the door opened. She waited a moment, then slowly raised her eyes to see——

The author of "The Pie Bitters?"

No.

Only Frederick.

She gave a little shrug—of disappointment or relief? Who can tell?

"Ah," she said, "it is you."

"Yes. And as you see, alone. My friend failed to join me at the place of meeting. He has promised, however, that should he be unable to meet me at the appointed hour he would waive etiquette and follow me here. So you may expect him at any moment."

"Ah," sighed Lucy. This time there was no mistaking its nature. She felt relieved.

Frederick observed her closely.

"Come," he said, "don't look so disappointed. I promise you he will be here."

He took a seat by her side. She seemed strangely changed. All her buoyant spirits appeared to have deserted her.

After a few moments silence she slowly said: "I want to explain." Her cheeks were flushed, and the slight tremor in her voice indicated more than a passing emotion.

"I don't want you to misjudge me, for you have been my true friend so long. I am not the silly, reckless girl that my talk the other evening would lead you to think. It was all wrong, and I am very sorry for it, though I wouldn't have said it, I'm sure, if you and Guardy hadn't so exasperated me. You know what I mean—about the author of 'The Pie Biters.'"

She looked appealingly at Frederick, who gravely answered: "Yes, I understand."

"I am only an inexperienced girl, you know, and can't help being foolish and enthusiastic some times. But you'll overlook it, won't you, Frederick?"

"Overlook it," cried that delighted young man." "Yes, and forget it altogether. Your words, Lucy, give me courage, and beside this may be my last opportunity. Perhaps it is folly for me to place myself beside your ideal, but I have resolved to venture all. You know I have long loved you, but I doubt if you know the intensity to which this love has grown. We have always been the best of friends; but I want something more than friendship now. Your love, yourself."

Lucy slowly turned her eyes to meet his burning gaze, and in them he read his title clear.

. . . . . .

Ten minutes afterward Frederick with a start of mock surprise inquired: "What will you say to the author of 'The Pie Biters'?"

"Mercy!" cried Lucy, "I had forgotten all about him."

At that moment Mr. Perkins discreetly opened the door and paused at the threshold. The hastily dissolving tableau he beheld filled him with amusement.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled, "so you've told her?"

"Told me," cried Lucy, "told me what?"

"Why, that he, our Frederick, is the author of 'The Pie Biters.'"

"Is it true?" she gasped, turning to her lover.

"Yes," he answered smilingly.

"Then," she cried hysterically, "I'll keep my promise after all and marry the author of 'The Pie Biters'."

HUMORS OF THE FIELD.

In 1819 two young gentlemen of Lisbon (sons of shop keepers of that city) quarreled over a girl, and soon afterward met on the quay, each armed with a musket, which they fired by the signal of a boy beating a drum, at thirty yards distance. One of them was shot in the head and fell as if dead and the other absconded. The former returned to his father's house, bound up his wounds, recovered, and married the fair object of the eccentric strife.

In 1793 the Prussian officers of the garrison of Coberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake; and one day they observed present an old major of Hussars, who was covered with the scars of wounds received in the seven year's war. A conversation quickly commenced, and soon turned on duels. "And you, major, how many duels have you fought?" asked a young, stout built cornet of the war-worn hero, viciously. "None, thank Heaven!" replied the veteran, in a subdued voice, "I have fourteen wounds, and, heaven be praised, none are in my back. So I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel." "But you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across the table at which the party were sitting to give the scar-honored guest a blow. The latter, greatly agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when an unanimous cry was raised of "Stehen sie ruhig, herr major?" (Don't stir, major?) And as quick as it was possible for such an act to be executed, all of the officers present sprang to their feet, and seizing the insulting scamp by the collar of his coat and the seat of his trowsers, they threw the offender out of the window, and then sat down at the table as if nothing unusual had occured.

On the 13th of August, 1778, General Howe, who had saved Georgia from the invasion of Prevost's troops, but who was subsequently driven out of the state by Colonel Campbell, of the British army was severely criticized by Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina; and a duel was the consequence, in which Howe's bullet grazed Gadsden's ear. The seconds (Charles Cotesworth for Howe, and Bernard Elliot for Gadsden) then interfered, further hostilities were prevented, and the combatants became warm friends. Major Andre, who was then in Georgia, penned a humorous poetical discription of the affair, the following being the concluding verses:

"Such honor did they both display
They highly were commended;
And thus, in short, this gallant fray,
Without mischance was ended.

"No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
Will e'er by them be started;
And now the chiefs, no longer foes,
Shook hands, and then they parted."

When Edward Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, was on his way to the field to fight Andrew Stewart, in 1769, he stopped at a tavern near Hyde Park and ate an enormous breakfast. The parties exchanged shots without effect; and Stewart, while talking over the affair some time afterward, said that "Thurlow stood up before me like an elephant."

Walpole, in his discription of the meeting between his uncle, Horace Walpole, and William Chetwynd, in a letter to Horace Mann, in 1843, wrote that the former had fought a duel, and "had scratched a scratch three inches long on the side of the enemy." The cause of the duel was on account of a heated debate in the house of commons, at the conclusion of which Walpole stepped up to Chetwynd and wrung his nose. The meeting took place in Hyde Park.

A French officer at Cambrai, just after Waterloo, while smarting over the result, insulted an English officer; who, in turn, challenged the Frenchman, and was killed. Upon the following evening the survivor entered a cafe, where there was a mixed crowd, and exclaimed: "I am in luck, gentlemen; a long time ago I had killed one Portuguese, one Spaniard, one Austrian and one Prussian; and now, at last, I have killed one damned Englishman. I am happy. Vive l'Empereur!"

After Major Park and Captain Creed had been placed hors de combat by the two Tipperary duelists (Matthew and Macnamara) Park, while covered with wounds, remarked, smilingly, to his companion: "I say, Creed, we are, in a certain sense, the conquerors after all, for we have kept the field of battle—eh?" "You smell like a goat," said St. Foix to an officer of the guard one day: "Sir," exclaimed the latter, drawing his sword, "Put up your sword, you foolish fellow," cried the famous duelist, who was everlastingly getting into scrapes, "put up your sword; for if you kill me you will not smell any better, and if I kill you you will smell a great sight worse."

One day, while two Frenchmen were throwing off their jackets, leisurely, preparatory to a fight, one of them saw a boat crossing the Seine, and cried out to his antagonist: "Quick! quick! my friend, for the authorities are coming and they will separate us!" In an instant their swords were at work, and, before the law officers could reach the scene the combatants were dead. Upon another occasion a Parisian got into a row with two men and agreed to meet them both. "What, one against two," cried the others, chuckling. "Yes; have you never seen one against two?—come on, then, both of you. I'll at least get my name in the Chronicle! (Brantome's.) And he did, too—in the obituary column though.

After his duel with Samuel Martin, which took place in Hyde Park on the 19th of November, 1763, (and in which he was severely wounded) John Wilkes was asked by the Prince de Croy—this was his fourth duel on account of his politicl writings in the North Briton—to what extent the liberality of the press could be carried in England, and replied that he could not tell, but was trying hard to find out. Notwithstanding the many disturbances Wilkes encountered during his career as publisher of the North Briton, he was said to be "one of the most fascinating persons over the bottle that ever lived." Wilkes was once challenged by a Scotchman named Forbes, who had never met the object of his dislike, but who expressed a desire to fight the author of such an offensive publication as the North Briton. In his duel with Martin the combatants met with pistols at fourteen paces, and Wilkes was hit in the back at the second fire.

On the 23d of December, 1883, A. C. Lowery, editor of the Georgetown (New Mexico) Courier, received a challenge from Joseph N. Laffer, a school commissioner of Silver City (N. M.) in the following words: "You can select a friend of yours who can correspond with H. H. Whitehill, whom I shall select to settle our difficulty. You must do this at once, as I must have satisfaction and that without delay." To which the facetious scribe replied: "We are not fighters from Bitter Creek nor bad men from Bodie. We have not lost any fights, and are not hunting any; but if we are obliged to fight, we don't propose to lose any either. Our second will confer with Mr. Whitehill and choose the public streets of Georgetown, distance three feet, stockings loaded with mud."

When Andy Bodkin and John Bourke fought, a child of the latter was held upon a neighbor's shoulder to see the combat. They fought with pistols, in Ireland, and both were slightly wounded at the first fire. At the second fire Bodkin was dangerously injured. Their second also fought with pistols at ten paces, and were both desperately wounded. The child grew up to be Sir John Bourke, and used to tell the story of his father's duel with exceeding gusto.

In 1785 Mathew Carey, who had commenced an editorial career in Philadelphia, by writing an essay against dueling, shortly afterward challenged Col. Oswald, and at the meeting was severely wounded. An Irish judge (Fletcher) once addressed a jury in a case in which a surviving duelist (Fenton) was defendant, as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury: It is my business to lay down the law to you and I will. The law says that killing a man in a duel is murder. Therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so. But I tell you at the same time, that I have never heard of a fairer duel than this, in the whole course of my life." In 1785 Lewis Littlepage challenged John Jay in New York on account of a suit instituted against Littlepage by Jay, for the payment of moneys loaned the former by Jay, at a time when Littlepage was sadly in need of bed and board. Mr. Jay declined to fight with a man who had so grossly abused his kindness, and referred to the challenging party as one "with my money in his pocket and my meat still sticking in his teeth."

There is a good story told of De Reuilly—who lived during the reign of Henry IV., and who devoted much of his valuable time in resisting the encroachments of dueling customs upon French society, and who was socially cut by many of his friends on that account, a number of whom branded the young officer with cowardice—how two duelists once met him in the woods near Paris, and drew their swords, and hilariously called upon the anti-duelist to defend himself; which he did by handsomly disarming and wounding both of his assailants; after which he had the sufferers conveyed to his own home, where they were nursed and otherwise cared for until their complete recovery.

Ney, who was remarkably fond of dueling, never lost an opportunity, while young, of meeting in combat with friend or foe. One day he met and crippled for life a celebrated fencing master of a Chasseur regiment; but in after life, when he had become a marshal, he sought out his former antagonist, and had him comfortably provided for.

"Old Put," of the Revolutionary army, was the hero of two "affairs of honor." The first grew out of a difficulty between Putnam and a brother officer, in which the latter assumed a hostile attitude, and demanded immediate satisfaction. Putnam, at first declined, on the ground that their services belonged to their country, and that it would be little less than unpatriotic for them to jeopardize their lives unnecessarily in time of war; but ultimately concluded to meet his bellicose brother officer "according to usage." So they agreed to meet at daylight the following morning without seconds. Israel arrived first, armed with an old shot gun loaded with slugs. In a short time afterward his antagonist put in an appearance armed with a sword and two pistols. When the latter had arrived at within about thirty yards of Putnam he was saluted by a shot from the general's musket, and instantly halted and cried out: "What are you doing sir?—is this the proper conduct of an American officer and gentleman of honor?" "What am I doing?" replied the old warrior, coolly; "why, I am defending my life against a man who wants to murder me. And if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog." But, sir, I—" "Bang!" and away went Putnam's musket again; and away went his antagonist at an O'Leary rate of speed, laughing, himself, in spite of his anger and astonishment. Putnam's other "affair" was with an English officer who was a prisoner on parole; and who, taking offense at the general, sent the latter a challenge, which was accepted. At the time appointed the Britisher appeared, and found Putnam sitting on what seemed to be a keg of powder. The latter at once saluted his antagonist and told him to sit down with him on the keg; and Putnam then set fire to a slow match, which apparently communicated with the contents of the barrel, and coolly said to his companion that the chances for them to be both blown into atoms were equal. The British officer first glanced at Putnam, then at the keg, and then at the slow match the fire of which was approaching the powder—and then jumped up and made preparations for a hasty exit; during which Putnam shouted: "You're just precisely as brave as I took you to be—but you needn't hurry, for there's nothing in this barrel but onions. I thought I'd try you with onions first—you don't like the smell; ha-ha-ha! you don't like the smell!" But the punctilious advocate of the code duello had genteelly retired.

In 1820 a merchant of Boston, named Zebidee Cook, was challenged by another merchant, named George Barrell, and replied, by saying, simply, that he had made up his mind that it was the best way for merchants to adjust their business difficulties without resort to pistols. Barrell then wrote: "Let us settle our business difficulties, then and fight afterward." To which Cook replied: "With all my heart—but what in the name of goodness, shall we fight about, after we have settled our difficulties?" There was no duel.

During the reign of Louis XVI., of France, there lived a fellow named Lamoliere, who was an accomplished wielder of both pen and sword. On a certain occasion determined to emphatically demonstrate his contempt for a brother author, he attended the first night's production of "Erestine" (a comedy in three acts), and feigned profound sleep. Unluckily, however, Lamoliere actually fell into the hands of Morpheus; during which some person dropped a carrot into his mouth. The next day he challenged and fought the offender, but was placed hors de combat. The event was ever afterward known as the duel a la carrotte —San Francisco Newsletter.

SPENDTHRIFT AUTHORS.

Stories of the Extravagance of Noted Men of Letters.

Authors and artists, as well as kings, are popularly accused of improvidence. Many a genius is in practical life but a child, and not always a good one. Sheridan has been called "the hero of debt." He was the recipient of large sums of money, but was always poor. His wife brought him the snug sum of £1,600, but this he frittered away in a trip to Bath of six week's duration. His necessities drove him to literature for a livelihood, and to his poverty we owe some of his matchless productions. Six months after the receipt of £15,000 not a penny remained, and he was deeply in debt. While holding lucrative posts under government he was in debt to tradesmen for the commonest necessaries of life, and the shifts he devised to avoid meeting the many duns that besieged his house are as humorous as they are humiliating. Taylor, his friend, said, "that if he took off his hat to Sheridan in the street it would cost him £50," such an inveterate borrower was the brilliant wit. A creditor came for his money mounted on a fine mare. Sheridan induced the man to show off the animal's speed, and promptly embraced the opportunity of slipping round the corner into the next street.

On another occasion a joint of meat was brought to the house for dinner, and the cook placed it before the fire to roast. The butcher, however, who was probably wise by experience, refused to depart without the money for it. The cook went up stairs for the cash, but being gone an unreasonably long time, the man coolly removed the joint from the fire, put it in his basket, and marched off. This was while Sheridan was paymaster of the British navy, and in receipt of a good income. His creditors besieged his door every morning. He would direct that they be shown into reception rooms on either side of the hall, and, after cautiously looking to see that the doors were all shut, would cautiously descend the stairs and walk out between them.

Lamartine was a notorious spendthrift. His income from one book alone amounted to two hundred thousand francs a year, yet his debts reached the astounding sum of three million francs. A popular subscription was started to repurchase his family estates, which had been heavily mortgaged. A subscriber to this fund, a man in affluent circumstances, priced a turbot at a fishmonger's shop one day. Its value, however, was too slee, for his means. An aristocratic personage entered the store, however, looked at the great fish, and without troubling to ask its cost, ordered the whole to be sent to his house. The purchaser was Lamartine.

Mirabeau was such a scapegrace in money matters that his father could only restrain him from entirely squandering his patrimony by incarcerating him in prison by virtue of a lettre de cachet. Our own Webster, too, in spite of a large professional revenue, was constantly in monetary difficulties arising out of his extravagant habits.

Savage, the author and wit, had a pension of £50 a year, but such was his imprudence that it was usually spent within a week after it receipt. Samuel Johnson met him one day sporting a gold laced red cloak, purchased with a goodly portion of his pension, while at the same time his toes were peeping out of his shoes. He died miserably in a debtor's prison. Indeed, this was the fate of many brilliant but dissipated men of letters.

Goldsmith, Foote, Colley, Cibber and Steele were alike in being improvident, and consequently impecunious, but they one and all bore the load lightly. When Steele was head over ears in debt he used to travel down into the country, where he would shower money and presents on the lads and lasses at the rural merry makings.

But, for chronic extravagance and impecuniosity, Goldsmith takes the palm. He made the tour of Europe on foot, playing his flute and begging his way from town to town. He used afterward to boast that he owed money in every country in Europe. His success in after life, when money flowered in upon him, made no difference. He was always in debt. What he earned one day he would spend, gamble, or give away the next. His passion for fine clothes made him the butt of the circle of wits in which he moved. "He was dunned for his milk score, arrested for rent, threatened by lawyers, but he never learned the virtue of economy." Improvidence was his curse. He could refuse no appeal to his pocket, and he would borrow a guinea and hand it to a beggar. He earned from his pen £8,000 in fourteen years, and yet he was in debt to the tune of £2,000 when he died, besides having received payment in advance for works he had promised to write, but had failed to do so. No wonder Johnson exclaimed, "Was ever poets so trusted before!"

Byron, before he was twenty-one, owed £10,000, and his financial difficulties increased with time. Newstead Abbey was sold to satisfy the money lenders, and the large sums he received in payment for his literary efforts went only a little way toward the liquidation of his vast indebtedness.

Genius has no necessary connection with prudence or self restraint. Extravagance is the parent of misery, and all permanent happiness for the individual or for society must be rooted in thrift. —New York Advocate.

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

THE United States attorney general announces that he will hereafter conduct the star route cases himself, with the assistance of Mr. Kerr, who is still in the employ of the government.

Two hundred cats are on exhibition at the cat show in Horticultural hall, Philadelphia. This exhibition will remain open for two weeks, and $1,500 will be given in prizes to the heaviest cat, the handsomest cat, the best happy family cat, etc.

THE Hon. Lewis Kimmel, of Lafayette, Ind., has resigned the position of treasury agent at the seal fisheries of Alaska on account of ill health. His successor has been recommended by Senator Harrison.

FOR the purpose of obtaining a square test vote on the merits of the tariff bill, Mr. Kelly the Pennsylvania protectionist will demand the yeas and nays on a motion to go into committee of the whole for its consideration, if such a motion is made by Morrison Tuesday next.

THE friends of Fitz John Porter having become convinced that the president will veto the bill for his relief have decided to let it lay on the speaker's table until after the Chicago convention, so that the president may not be able to make any political capital out of the act.

MR. LAMMOT DUPONT, who was killed by the explosion at Thompson's Point, is said to have been worth $13,000,000. He had a controlling interest in the manufacture of nearly all the high explosives that were made in the United States and Canada east of the Rocky Mountains.

DE LA MATYR, the noted Greenback congressman and red hot politician, is now preaching in a fashionable Methodist church in St. Paul, Minn. He has two violins, a base viol and three brass pieces in his choir, and all the old fashioned members have left the church. The house is, however, crowded at every service, mostly with young people.

A DISPATCH to the Philadelphia Times from Huntington, Pa., says Daniel Hawn, aged eighty-four years, died there. He has been insane for sixty years, and all that time has been kept in solitary confinement in a room in the house where five brothers, all unmarried, lived. No intercourse was permitted him with the others during his long captivity. Two of his brothers survive him, and are owners of 900 acres in Juniata township.

THE Philadelphia Record sums up in brief what the republican administration did with the infamous star route business, thus:

The upshot of the star route business may be briefly told. Two or three small contractors were fined and jailed; two or three influential politicians were tried and acquitted, and two or three lawyers were paid with enormous fees. All the big fish found holes in the net spread for them, through they escaped with their ill gotten booty.

CONVENTIONS were held in all the Indiana congressional districts Thursday to select delegates to the National republican convention at Chicago. A majority of the delegates are for an Indiana man for president, either Gresham or Harrison, the latter having the strongest support. Aside from local favoritism, it is believed that fully three-fourths of the delegates are for Blaine, with Robert Lincoln as choice for vice president. From the complexion of the Indiana delegation, if no Indiana man is a candidate before the convention, it is probable that the vote of the state will be cast for Blaine, although one delegate has an individual preference for General Sherman and another probably for President Arthur.

THE Philadelphia Press publishes the affidavits of George Gillespie and Robert Hughes, animal keepers, of Liverpool, England, who swear that the alleged white elephant of Adam Forepaugh is a common Indian elephant, artificially colored with Paris white. The men allege that they were employed by Forepaugh's agent to color the animal and that they gave him several coats. The affidavits were made before Wendel P. Bowman, counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who says that warrants will be issued for the arrest of Adam Forepaugh and his partners, as a veterinary surgeon has also made an affidavit that the coloring will probably cause the elephant's death.

EASTER SUNDAY.

How the Glad Festival is Welcomed and Observed—The Queer Ancient Customs Give Way to Gayer Modern Rites and Festivities.

To-morrow is Easter Sunday and it welcomes the coming of a new lease of life. The pleasures which have all been dismissed from the thoughts during lent now are again in the ascendency. The holy day celebrating the ascendency of the Lord, is one of praise and of thanksgiving. It is certainly a pleasant custom, this celebration of the day set apart for such sacred use, and the custom dates back many hundreds of years. In the long, long ago, the festival lasted eight days, but later it was limited to three, then two and now only one day is devoted to this celebration alone, although the penance coming before is a preparation for its observance. It was formerly the rite of baptism and courts of justice were closed, alms were dispensed to the needy and slaves freed and the austerities of lent gave place to general enjoyment.

Many of the most popular observances of the day are clearly of pagan origin. The goddess Ostrara of Eastre seems to have been the personification of the opening year or spring. The worship of this being obtained a foothold in England from the Saxons and it was celebrated in North Germany even to the beginning of the present century by the kindling of bonfires and other similar rites. It was especially a festival of joy. Naturally the observance of the day was finally given a Christian significance. "Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awaking of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—at the resurrection of Christ from the grave."

The use of eggs is one of the most generally observed Easter rites. They are usually stained of various colors and presents are made of them. It is said that it used to be the custom in some parts of Scotland for the young people to rise early on this day and search for wild fowls' eggs for breakfast, and it was thought good luck to find them. From this, probably, comes the practice in the country of hiding eggs for many days before, and on this particular Sunday bringing in a bushel, more or less of the articles. Then it was clearly explained as to what had become of all the eggs for a week or two previous and all censure was removed from the hens for not having promptly performed their duties. What rare fun it is on such occasions, and how the folks little and big, young and old, labor to eat an egg of every color, which would rival the coat of Joseph. But other fashions now prevail, and the custom now is the sending of beautiful cards emblematic of the day. So customs are as variable as time itself. Only a hundred years ago the people were feeding the poor and indulging in the highest form of enjoyment, and now we go to church and pass the day in solemn observance or fittingly remember our friends as on Christmas.

Faith

In matters of medicine is said to be half a remedy; but in desperate, tantalizing, chronic diseases, such as rheumatism, it is hard to get up faith. That was the reason why Rev. A. C. Hume, of Indianapolis, preferred to test Athlophoros in about the severest case he could find before he pronounced upon its merits. He writes: "The case was of rheumatism of twenty years' standing. The patient could not walk except with two canes or by pushing a chair before him. In a short time after taking Athlophoros he could walk without canes or the chair."

A little girl of three explains the Golden Rule to her sister: "It means that you must do everything that I want you to do, and you mustn't do anything I don't want you to do."

"I see you did not give that horse Day's Horse and Cattle Powder, as I told you." "I forgot it, sir." "I knew it. Look at that tight skin, rough coat, and tucked up belly! A six year old boy would know he had worms. Price twenty-five cents per package of one pound, full weight.

The cost of the new bridge over the Frith of Forth, Scotland, will be $7,500,000.

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Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

How it Will be Done.

To the Editor of the Sentinel:

When we open our new dry goods establishment, on Calhoun street, opposite the court house, we propose to do that which will make our new location known to every person in the city and county in the shortest possible time.

There will be no brass band, no fire works, no military parade. There will be no button hole bouquets, no gorgeous advertising cards, no scheme for making the people "pay dear for their whistle."

True, we shall spend considerable money in order that every person in Northern Indiana may know where to find us, but every dollar thus spent shall go into the pockets of the customers and patrons of the store.

Brass bands, parades, fire works, button hole bouquets, &c., all cost money but benefit the people not one whit. We propose to open with a big lot of LEADERS and invite the people to buy them IN ANY QUANTITY at about two-thirds their actual value. If we lose any money the people will get the whole benefit.

Not for a day, not for a week, not for a month, but for ten long years we have rented the magnificent building which we are to occupy. We want every child to know where we are and to know also that they can buy goods of us just as cheap as the most experienced shopper in the land.

We want our store to be known and regarded as

"THE POPULAR STORE"

and to this end, time, labor and money will be devoted without stint.

SAMUEL M. FOSTER,
Successor to Foster Bros.

The native born elephant bids fair to rival the great imported Jumbo in size and weight; but it is pretty generally known that nothing rivals the great remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Ten per cent. of British Columbia live stock perished last winter.

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported to be at the point of death from an attack of pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the lungs. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

Mars shows his maximum brilliancy every seventy-five years.

Young men, middle aged men all men who suffer from early indiscretions will find Allen's Brain Food the most powerful, invigorant ever introduced; once restored by it there is no relapse. Try it: it never fails. $1; 6 for $5.—At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave. New York City.

Hand painted faces are all the fashion —Hartford Times.

Emory's little cathartic is the best and only reliable liver pill known, never fails with the most obstinate cases, purely vegetable.—15 cents.

Low Rates West, via the Wabash.

Now is your time to go west. Positively lowest rates, shortest line and quickest time. Do not fail to call at the Wabash ticket office before purchasing your tickets.

SAM B. SWEET,
2 tf Agent.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Beginning Monday evening, my office will be open each evening from 7:30 to 9 o'clock for the payment of taxes, the first installment of which is now due, and on which a penalty will be levied after April 21.

JOHN DALMAN,
County Treasurer.
Fort Wayne, April 4, 1884. tf

Joseph Biechele's Lightning Soap.

It is the best soap for general purposes.

It is pure.

It is made from the very best tallow lard and vegetable oil, skillfully combined and will not fail to give satisfaction to the most fastidious.

It will do more washing than any soap in the market.

It is the cheapest for all purposes.

Every good housekeeper should give it a trial and be convinced of what we say for this excellent soap.

Ask your grocer for it and if he does not keep it then tell him to get it for you.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 60c.

Iron fences cheaper than wood. Gates, hitching posts and lawn furniture can be had at 10 West Columbia street, W. A. Lassell. 11 2t

Decline of Men.

Nervous, weakness, dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility, cured by "Well's Health Renewer." $1.

No. 68 East Main street is the place to have your clothing colored, cleaned or repaired. Also kid gloves cleaned or colored. Charles D. Rose, steam dye works. m 15 3m

See Ward's silverware.

WHERE SHE WAS ENGAGED.

"Where were you engaged last?" asked a lady of a new colored cook.

"Yer oughten' ter ax me dat, lady."

"I just want to know, as it may tend to give you character."

"Well, lady, de las' time I was engaged was down in de bottoms. I was engaged ter Bob Phillips, de triffin'ist yaller man I ever seed. W'y, lady, dat man stole my year-rings and runned away. How many times was yerself engaged, lady?"—Arkansaw Traveler.

SURE EVIDENCE OF ENERGY.

"I trust your daughter is not one of those tame, spiritless sort of girls that sometimes apply to us for situations and then are too bashful to fill them," said a Boston shop keeper to a father who was seeking employment for one of his children. "Sir," he replied, indignantly, "my daughter has red hair."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mass was celebrated in all the Catholic churches this morning and at the Gloria in Excelsis, the church bells were rung, the first time since Thursday morning.

Nothing Like It.

J. B. Flynn, 876 Sixth Avenue, New York, was cured, he says, of rheumatism of long standing by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure. For scalds, bruises, cuts, etc., he thinks it has no equal.

Great Decline on Sugars.

Reduced one cent per pound.
Choice coffee C 6 cents per pound.
Standard coffee A 7½ cents per pound.
Cut loaf and powdered, 8 cents per pound.
Granulated 8 cents per pound.
4 tf FRUIT HOUSE.

"FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS" contains many frightful stories of most agonizing suffering. But nothing, either in story or picture, can be more distressful than the sharp, severe, shooting pains daily and nightly endured by those who are martyrs to that most terrible torment, Neuralgia. To get rid of this martyrdom is the first business of all who suffer.

ATHLOPHOROS regenerates painful nerves, and drives out the horrors of Neuralgia.

ATHLOPHOROS gives health to Rheumatic sufferers whom the most skillful physicians have not been able to heal.

ATHLOPHOROS operates on the blood, muscles, and joints; and dissolving the acids that cause Rheumatism, removes them from the system.

ATHLOPHOROS is pronounced by all who have tried it an infallible specific for these obstinate and painful diseases.

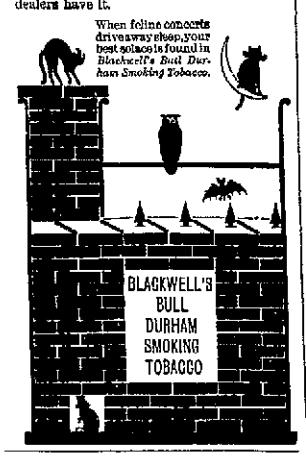
Read the testimony of one of the sufferers. David Little, Sumner, Benner Co., Iowa, writes:

"I am past 77 years of age, have had the Rheumatism three years and eight months; lost one-third of my weight; could not walk, but shuffled along on crutches; could not sleep; nerves shattered, no strength in my hands, wrists, knees or feet. But thanks be to God for your great discovery! Templeton arrived Saturday night. I took a dose Sunday morning, felt it all over me, and kept on with it. Sunday morning I got up and dressed myself, and walked out into the kitchen without the aid of crutch or cane, and wished them all a happy New Year. I rest well nights, am gaining in strength, and once more enjoy life. Wish I could put ATHLOPHOROS in the hands of every sufferer from this terrible disease."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Analysis by Dr. A. Voelcker, F. R. S., Consulting Chemist Royal Agricultural Society, England, shows only a trace of nitrates in Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco. The soil of the Golden Belt of North Carolina, in which this tobacco is grown, don't supply nitrates to the leaf. That is the secret of its delicious mildness. Nothing so pure and luxurious for smoking. Don't forget the brand. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull. All dealers have it.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The kidneys act as purifiers of the blood, and when their functions are interfered with through weakness, they need toning. They become healthfully active by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when failing short of relief from other sources. This superb stimulating tonic also prevents and arrests fever and ague, constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other ailments. Use it with regularity.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE COMBAULT'S

CAUSTIC BALSAM!

Is undoubtedly the most valuable and reliable Veterinary Remedy ever discovered. It has superseded the Actual Cautery and Iron; produces more than four times the effect of a blister; takes the place of all liniments, and is the safest application ever used, as it is impossible to produce a scar or blemish with it. It is a powerful, active, reliable and safe remedy that can be manipulated at will for severe or mild effect. Thousands of the best Veterinarians and Horsemen of this country testify to its many wonderful cures and its great practical value. It is also the most economical remedy in use, as one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin cure mixture ever made. Price $3.50. Sold by druggists, or sent, charges paid, by LAWRENCE, WILLIAMS & CO., Sole Importers and Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio. ☞ None genuine without our signature on the label.

NOTICE

—TO—

CARPET

—AND—

FURNITURE

BUYERS!

We have a class and quality of goods that will be well worth your while to look at. All the newest Patterns and Designs in Carpets and Furniture.

MODERWELL & STUDOR,

26 East Berry Street.

April 12-3m

COAL.

Office and Yard 51 Murray street, opposite Olds' Wagon Works. Down Town Office, 93 Calhoun Street.

McCroden & Derheimer,

—Dealers in—
MASSILLON, HOCKING VALLEY and ANTHRACITE COAL.
Connellsville Crushed Coke. Steam Coal in carload lots a specialty. Ask for Prices.
Hard Wood, Sawed and Split, which we guarantee will give satisfaction.
KINDLING.

Our aim is to deal square and fill orders promptly. Try us and you will come again. Telephone connections to all parts of the city.
Dec 15-5m

The Largest Assortment of

Boots, Shoes, and Slippers

In all the latest styles for the

SPRING AND SUMMER SEASON,

Can be found at

C. Schiefer & Son,

SIGN OF ALLIGATOR,

8 East Columbia St.

April 12, 1884-3m

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Charles A. Zollinger, Mayor of the City of Fort Wayne, Allen County, Indiana, do hereby certify that at the City Election for said City, to be held on the

6TH DAY OF MAY, 1884,

the following officers are to be elected, viz: One Councilman from each ward in the city to serve two years, and one Water Works Trustee to serve three years.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said city the 8th day of April, A. D., 1884.

(SEAL.) C. A. ZOLLINGER,
Attest: Mayor.
W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

State of Indiana, Allen County, ss:

I, D. Meyers, Marshal of the City of Fort Wayne, do hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the notice of election delivered to me by Charles A. Zollinger, Mayor of said City, of which all voters, inspectors and judges of elections in said city, will please take notice.

D. MEYERS,
April 8, 1884. Marshal.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Common Council of the City of Fort Wayne until

TUESDAY, THE 22D DAY OF APRIL, 1884,

for the following work:

For cleaning out all the sand pits and connecting pipes in the City of Fort Wayne that is necessary to be cleaned.

Apply to the Sewer Committee or at the office of Street Commissioner where all information concerning the work may be had.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any and all proposals.

By order of the Common Council.

D. O'BRIEN,
Street Commissioner.

J. H. WELCH,
W. DOEHRMAN,
Committee.
Fort Wayne, April 11, 1884.

Have You a Bedroom In Blue?

If you have a bedroom thus trimmed, and have in it a walnut bedroom set, take it out and put it in your red room, and in its stead put an ash bedroom set, and it will improve the appearance of your blue room one hundred per cent. In fact, you can hardly tell how gratifying will be the change until you make it.

Take the trouble to look at the elegant new ash suits now displayed by us in our Court street show window. French plate glass cheval, with side cabinet attachment, marble top washstand and handsomely ornamented bedstead all for

$65.

One hundred dollars would be about what you would ordinarily have to pay for such a suit.

Look at that plush top center table at $10.50.

We have a very pretty marble top cherry suit at the very low price of $37.50.

Just in, another lot of those marble top bedroom suits, with French dressers, at $35. You will remember what a surprise the lot were that we sold at that figure a few weeks since. These suits are well worth $45 to $50.

Are you aware that we carry a heavier stock of fine furniture than all other Fort Wayne furniture houses combined?

FOSTER'S.

HUMPHREYS & GEROW,

SLATE ROOFERS,

Fort Wayne, Ind.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED WATERPROOF.

April 12-1y w-2y

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Wednesday, April 16, 1884.

The Popular Young Actor,

MR. JAMES O'NEILL,

As EDMUND DANTES, with

MR. JOHN STETSON'S

MONTE CRISTO CO:

Originally organized under Mr. Stetson's management for Booth's Theater, New York.

DUMAS' GREAT PLAY OF

MONTE CRISTO!

With the following star cast: Mr. Frederic Dellebelville, Mr. Geo. C. Boniface, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Horace Lewis, Mr. James Swinburne, Mr. Forest Robinson, Mr. J. V. Melton, Mr. J. W. Shannon, Mr. J. L. Carhart, Miss Annie Boudinot, Miss Marjorie Bonner, Miss Eugenia Blair, Miss Emma Smith, Miss C. Noyes.

Grand Realistic Effects and Correct Appointments.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL.

Reserved seats at Woodward's drug store. Doors open at 7. Commences at 7:45 precisely.

SOCIETY.

The Sombreness of Holy Week--Prospective Weddings.

Dramatic Feasts.---Personal and Social Gossip.

It was an important event socially and otherwise when the sun began to shine last Thursday without the slightest warning to the inhabitants. The sky of dull gray clouds that have hung over the city so long and the dark days of dampness and chill wholly without any suggestion of spring mildness or warmth, has placed the weather here what it has been everywhere for the last six months —quite beyond the scope of the ordinary vocabulary. This, added to the usual sombreness of Holy Week, has effectually nipped in the bud my social festivities that may have been anticipated. To-morrow the churches will be handsomely decorated with Easter offerings. Loud anthems will triumphantly ring throughout the sacred edifices, commemorating the tragic death and victory of the risen Christ. The ancient custom of giving Easter eggs still survives, the gay colors typefying the brightness of spring as opposed to the dullness of winter. Ladies who are more or less talented as artists have been busily engaged for the past week painting and otherwise decorating the eggs that are to fill the dainty baskets that will adorns most breakfast tables to-morrow morning, where there are small folks to enjoy and inspect. The forty days of spiritual fast and retrospection has been more rigidly observed than usual. Consequently the past two months has been of unprecedented dullness. The rumor prevails that a number of weddings are to come off within a month. Otherwise the season is too far advanced for the probability of other pronounced festivities.

The week drawing to a close, although not prolific, was no less a successful one to the theatrical management. Cultured and good sized audiences greeted George C. Miln Monday and Tuesday evening in his respective performances, "Richelieu" and "Hamlet." Men who do not often go to the Academy of Music witnessed with satisfaction the impersonations of this new star of tragedy which were commended for their strength and true conception. Nothing of recent date has been so much and favorably discussed. It was a rare treat and it is hoped will be repeated. in a more auspicious season when the public generally may enjoy it without conscientious scruples. The coming week promises Keene, who is well and favorably known here and James O'Neil, who is as notable for good looks and gallantry, as for his record as an actor.

The following poem from the gifted pen of Mrs. Cary Evans, who has received much favorable criticism through the city press, is peculiarly adapted to the austerities of the week and its final celebration:

THE CROSS.

A time of sorrowing, sad unrest,
Lifts tuneful heart-chords all ajar:
The slow hours circle to the west,
And evening brings no promised star.

I wear the cruel crown of wrong,
My hoarded treasures turn to dross—
When lo! there comes both light and song
From the white glory of the cross.

O, heavy cross! with bleeding feet
Borne up the flinty hills of time;
Upborne, what matchless splendors meet
Upon its heights of love sublime.

For He—the sinless Christ, who bore
The unmeasured weight on Calvary,
With shining presence goes before,
Entreating still, lo! follow me.

I come, dear Lord, at thy command,
Nor ask to lay my burden down;
Sustained and guided by Thy hand,
Till I receive my glorious crown.

Now, precious cross! all consecrate
With the dear blood of Jesus slain.
Blest refuge! here let me await
Release from sorrow, sin and pain.

My risen Lord, I fain would bear
With Thee all suffering, loss and shame,
If in Thy kingdom I may share
The triumphs of Thy conquering name.

I know that my Redeemer lives—
Rejoice! the heights are almost won:
Thy cross and pilgrim staff he gives,
And then, my soul, Thy starry crown.

Who shall say purity and holiness does not dwell in dark places, and their messengers reach out to those above and below their allotted sphere. Charity is craved and granted often, but beyond the stereotyped acknowledgment, the sequel of the brief appeal is seldom heard or written. Not many weeks ago a little, pale-faced lad of the people, often came to the house of a lady in the west end, who was pitiful at least. The little face was delicate and refined, notwithstanding his tattered garments that hung upon him like a mantle of poverty. Ill, weary and always forlorn, he was ensconced in the warmest corner, fed, and stocked with the long forgotten toys of the household. There was little response to the small efforts to comfort the waif but the sequel proves that gratitude abides in the hearts of the starved creatures at our doors, for the little laddie died not many weeks ago, and with dying lips blessed his benefactress.

The many friends in this city of S. F. May, of Chicago, will regret to learn of his death which occurred in that city last Saturday, after an illness of six weeks. Mr. May has often visited here, and was last winter the guest of the Misses Withers. His death is peculiarly sad—only twenty-six years old and cultivated and handsome, he was exceedingly popular and beloved. The railroad company, with whom he was employed, furnished an escort for the remains to the home of his sister in Ohio, where he was buried last Sunday.

One of the pleasant events of the week was the celebration, by members of the Baptist church, of the thirty-fourth birthday of their pastor, Rev. S. A. Northrop, at the handsome parlors of the church. Some handsome gifts were presented and the more solid comforts indulged in, when the guests departed, wishing the reverend gentleman many happy returns of the occasion.

Miss Unsie Graves has just recovered from a serious illness.

Mrs. A. Davis and Miss Belle Murphy, of Wabash, were in the city Friday, the guests of Mrs. Dr. Younge.

Miss Shoaff, one of most our promising young artists, has recently painted life size pictures of Romeo and Juliet.

R. J. Mitchell, the handsome and courteous treasurer of George C. Miln, was entertained by a party of gentlemen while in the city.

Mrs. Dr. Irwin is quite ill.

Miss Hattie Freiberge entertained a few friends Tuesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Steinfeldt.

Mr. Ed Coombs has returned from an extended trip through the east with a party of friends.

Miss Emma, the little daughter of E. C. Rurode, is ill.

Miss Clara Myerson, of St. Louis, is expected in the city in August, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Max Nirdlinger.

Mrs. John Hoagland and son Ralph are in the city, visiting relatives.

Mr. Miln, the tragedian, Gus Woodworth and Rev. W. McPaaland were entertained at dinner by Dr. Woodworth, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Lida Thompson, of Chicago, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barbour.

Mrs. Mort Dawson is seriously ill with diphtheria.

Mrs. Morris and her son, Dr. Ed Morris, are expected in the city next week.

Little Minnie Prescott is very ill with scarlet fever. Mr. Prescott and bride are expected from abroad next week.

The many friends of little Edith Dawson will regret to learn that she is quite ill.

Mrs. Webbe goes east next month to remain during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Buchman are pleasantly settled in their new residence, on the corner of Fulton and Washington streets.

A distinguished guest at the reunion of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment last Thursday evening was the widow of the colonel of the regiment, Mrs. Sion S. Bass.

Dr. J. H. Vincent, originator of the great Chautauquan system, will attend the Evangelical alliance at Stockholm, Sweden, August 31. The Chautauqua club of this city enrolls twenty-five members and are studious and prosperous.

The social gossip of the week is that: The West End club have gathered their forces again and will surprise a prominent member in the near future.

A Shakspearian society has been formed, to meet once a week at the house of each member alternately. Ten members are already enrolled.

A gentleman, with a waxed moustache, mild blue eyes and a bald head, is industriously studying "palmistry," that he may surreptiticiously read the destinies and characters of his fair friends, and consequently choose discreteely.

There will be three weddings in the east end this month. Two of them will be two sisters, who will be married on the same day.

The enthusiastic recalls, spontaneous applause and dead silence during which the traditional pin could be heard to fall, together with the well-bred courtesy of the audience in remaining seated until the curtain had gone down for the last time, during the performances at the Academy of Music last Monday and Tuesday evenings, has created more or less comment in social circles the past week.

Mrs. Lowry writes to friends in the city that she is enjoying her winter in Washington immensely, and the young ladies are also delighted with this their first season in the gay capitol. Their house is pleasantly located—directly across from the capitol grounds. Miss Lottie, assisted by a number of young friends, celebrated her twelfth birthday the 9th of this month. She received a number of handsome presents. Her graceful dancing is the admiration of every one.

Mrs. Henry Hanna and daughter left Washington yesterday for New York city, where they will spend several days before returning to their home in this city.

The closing exhibition at the Academy occurs next Friday evening. The affair is strictly full dress and will be participated in by a large number of the young masters and misses of the city. Fancy dances are on the program by the Misses Grace Bass, Helen Smyser, Lillie Bayliss, Hattie Dyche and Kittie Blynn and Masters Freddie Kallock and Bertie Newton.

Mrs. F. N. Kallock returned to-day from a pleasant visit in the east.

The Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, gave an elegant reception at Rathbone hall Friday evening. Dancing was the chief feature of the entertainment.

Freeman Green, the eldest son of Mrs. Dr. Green, holds a very fine position in the public printing office in Washington.

Miss Orff, who has been seriously ill for some time, is slowly improving.

Mrs. R. C. Bell is devoting much of her time in Washington to painting lessons.

Rev. S. F. Marks and wife returned yesterday from visiting friends and relatives in Pennsylvania.

FASHION CHAT.

Napkin rings of Bohemian glass are the latest.

Hand painted bonnets are among the spring novelties. Many of them are remarkably dainty and pretty. They are tied beneath the chin with broad satin ribbons.

At a recent dance the mirrors in the rooms were shadowed by narrow plush curtains tied in the center, each side having satin ribbon encircling a few cat tails.

Brackets are now invariably covered with either velvet or plush.

Gray in all shades prevails in all kinds of dry goods from dress fabrics to stockings, but gray is generally brightened with vivid colors in figures, stripes and checks.

Epaulets are growing in popularity. They are seen in passementerie or chenille, with clusters of falling loops.

The finest plain white damask is coming in fashion again for the table.

Brass poles are used for stair rods. They look effective over a handsome carpet, but are difficult to keep clean.

Buffets now have covers of plain sateen embroidered in crewels.

Small spherical buttons of polished or dead steel, bright gilt engraved in intaglio, silver filagree, or cloth buttons showing the same blendings as the galloons, or simply duplicating the one shade of cloth which may chosen, are shown as suitable accessories to spring gowns.

Painted and stained floors grow more popular each day.

Harlequin stockings have one-half the leg and foot in one bright or dark color, the other half in a paler shade of the same or a contrasting tint.

One of the richest stuffs for wraps and parts of costumes is silk grenadine brocaded with frisc (uncut) velvet figures and flowers.

All the newest book cases are without doors and have curtains of plush, velvet, or silk in their place.

Old fashioned rag carpet is to be seen on the floors of some of the kitchens in some of our fashionable houses.

The mushroom, top and stem, seems to have afforded some of the art ideas of the inventors of new figures brocaded in velvet on taffeta glace silk.

The embroideries on new tussores and pongees are in bright colored silks, in chain and back stitch; but those embroidered in self colors are much in demand by conservative ladies.

New decorative wall papers simulate to perfection, bronze, brass, old and black silver, old gold and tinted metals, while the designs for frieze, dados, and decorations are made up of a mixture, conventionalized and realistic forms in high and low relief, in the style of the best repousse and carved work.

Some of the taffeta glace silks come in very small brocaded stars and dots on a changeable ground for the principal part of the dress, while for the basque and draperies the same ground is brocaded with the same dots and figures in satin, and sprinkled over these are larger velvet brocaded flowers and stars in a darker shade of the same color.

NO WARMTH IN CLOTHES.

It is, says the Lancet, a mistake to suppose there is any warmth in clothes. Animal heat is the direct result of change, going on within the body itself. Nutrition by food, and the discharge of energy by exercise, are the sufficient causes of heat. Clothes seem to warm, because they prevent the cold air and objects with a capacity for heat which surround the body from attracting the heat generated within its organism. The clothing is simply an insulator. It follows that it should be light in weight, and above all things that it should permit the free and full circulation of blood through every part of the system—to the end of the finger and toe —and that the muscular apparatus of the extremities should be in perfect working order. If we will wear foot coverings, whether boots or stockings, which compress the feet and render the separate action of each toe impossible, it is simply absurd to expect to be warm footed. Heat is the complement of work and nutrition; and if a part of the organism is so bound that it cannot work, and its supply of blood is limited, it must be cold. The resort to stouter and heavier clothing under such circumstances is simply ridiculous. Generally it is the stockings that compress the feet. The garter acts as a ligature, and diminishes the blood supply, while the stocking itself acts as a bandage and impedes the circulation through the extremeties.

A TROUBLESOME INDIVIDUAL.

The employe who is afraid of doing too much is not the sort who ever becomes very valuable to his employer or to himself. His aim seems to be to do just enough to save him from censure or dismissal. He saunters instead of walking; he does everything with a sort of hackadaisical air, as if he were performing a great act of condescension in waiting upon you at all; he say y-e-s and n-o as if every letter cost a dollar, and they were the last he had; he gazes out of the door, away off yonder, while you ask him a question, and then tortures you with y-e-s or n-o; he never condescends to correct your mistakes, if you make one, or, if he does, it is in the tone of one vastly superior to your humble and unworthy self, and excites in you a determination to have as little to do witd him as possible, he makes all his preparations for departure before the hour, so that not a minute of his own time is lost; he does as he is told, but no more; he never teinks of how he can advance his employer's interests, in some unbidden way, and has not brains enough to know that when cultivating the habit of thought of the business of his employer, he is laying up capital and time when he shall start a business of his own. There are many such clerks as this, but may their tribe diminish.

WHO ARE THE LADIES?

In his address to the young women who competed for the premiums offered for culinary achievements at the California state fair, the president, J. McM. Shafter, said:

"I do not think that baking a loaf of bread is the highest duty of a girl, but I do think that to become an accomplished house wife is not only one of the first, but one of the most imperative duties of women; and it is to direct attention to, and to create in you a belief of this fact, that I offer you this premium.

I have called you ladies. What is your title to this appellation? There are titles of birth, place, honor and worship; these are of right. There are also titles of courtesy, and in this country lady is one. It is true there are some who strive to confine this title to those esteemed or the highest in social position. But this assumption is denied by most, and the title is generally applied to all respectable women of tolerable manners. But I feel constrained, young ladies, to put you on a higher plane than most, and assert for you the highest and most time honoring claim to this honorable name. Indeed, you alone, inherit it from that time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Some hundreds of years before our era the Greeks and Romans made large conquests in Asia, the birth place of the human race. They brought back to Europe the spoil of nations; captives, theology and the productions of nature, including animals, fruits and grain. It was in this way that wheat among its agency was diffused throughout Europe, and soon furnished bread for all. While the warlike men from the north of Europe were making their excursions by land and sea, the mistress of the household cared for the wild brood which remained. She prepared the stores of hard bread which the men carried away, and welcomed their return with a full supply of the staff of life. In their boistorous banquet, from her own baking she caused a manchet of bread to be placed at each seat, or sent the loaves of bread around in baskets to the feasters. To mark her oilgh office she was denominated ladie, the breaker, dispenser, and, with slight assumption, the maker of bread. While we may, out of our magnanimity and courtesy, allow this word to be used by those who have not of courtesy, but by right—and do not forget either,, it is to be retained by practicing its virtues and its art—I have caused the legend, Bread Maker, to be engraved upon this piece of plate, and I trust the lady, Miss Clara A. Murphy, seventeen years of age, a resident of Brighton, county of Sacramento, into whose hands I now place it, will always retain and exhibit it as evidence of actual merit and honorable distinction."

OUR YOUNG WOMEN.

Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby in Dio Lewis' Monthly: A primal defect in our social life is the notion that girls have nothing to do. Boys are brought up to some employment, but girls to none, except where pecuniary want compels them. The family that is "well off" has busy boys and idle girls. The young man, after eating his breakfast, starts out to his daily occupation, and returns at the close of the day. The young woman, after eating her breakfast (usually at a late hour) saunters about in quest of amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping (for unnecessary trifles), dressing in three or four different costumes, formal visiting; drawing (if able), and lounging are the elements of the young woman's day. In the evening, by way of recreation (?) she goes to the theater or a ball. This unequal discipline of the sexes is the basis of innumerable evils. It makes the girl careless and selfish; it turns her mind to personal adornment and other frivolous matters as the great concern of life; it takes away the sense of responsibility, and produces feebleness and disease in her physical constitution. It also prevents her from asserting her true dignity in the eyes of man: for the life of utility is alone dignified. Women thus brought up in indolence are looked upon by men very much as were the women of the old dark times of the world, as mere playthings, expensive toys, not as counsellors and friends. Marriage in such circumstances belongs, to a low, sensual plane and the girl is prepared neither in body nor mind for the serious responsibilities and lofty duties which marriage implies. Her training, moreover, or lack of training, has made it necessary for a long purse to apply for her. Economy, helpfullness, cooperation, these are not coming to the new household from this vain source. Dress, drives, entertainments, these will form the staple demands on the young husband. Accordingly in city life, where this class of young women is chiefly found; a young man is (greatly to his hurt often) kept from marrying by reason of its costliness, whereas society should be so ordered that marriage would help the larder and not beggar it. We want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry, and system. If we could introduce these virtues in our higher society we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation, and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness, and divorces of the married. Let our girls have as regular daily duties as our boys. Let idleness be forbidden them. Let recreation be indeed recreation, at proper times and in proper quantities. Let us open our numerous avenues of female industry, and let every woman be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. Can such a reformation be brought about? My dear madame, begin it yourself. Rule your household on this principle. Have the courage to defy fashion where it opposes. Be a bold leader in this reform, and you will soon see a host of followers glad to escape from the old folly.

A WRETCHED GIRL.

Extract from a letter of an American girl abroad to a friend at home:

"I've a great bit of news to tell you, Matilda.

"The prince of Wales was introduced to me at Ramsgate.

"They say he's a Guelph. What's a Guelph? Something horrid, I suppose.

"He said he found American ladies cleverer than English women.

"He is slightly bald headed, but his face is almost covered with hair.

"What a pity he's married.

"I know I made an impression on him for he wanted to shake hands with me so often, especially when nobody was looking at us.

"I trembled a good deal. It is awful flustering to stand behind the curtain of a bay window and have a man who is going to be the king of England squeeze your hand.

"When Lord Reginald—I forget his other name—came up and interrupted us, I could have screamed for disappointment.

"O, Matilda, if I have to return and go among common folks again I know I shall die.

"But there's no escape from it.

"The future is a dull, dreary blank.

"What is home to me now, Matilda, except to eat caramels?

YOUR WRETCHED LOUISE."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE ON HOPE.

The man of regular life and rational mind never despairs. He loses his property—it is a blow—he staggers a moment; then his energies, roused by the smart, are at work to seek a remedy; activity soon mitigates regret. Sickness affects him; he takes patience; endures what he cannot cure. Acute pain racks him; his writhing limbs know not where to find rest; he leans on hope's anchor. Death takes from him what he loves; roots up and tears violently away the stem round which his affections were twined—a dark, dismal time—a frightful wrench; but some morning religion looks into his desolate home with sunrise, and says that in another world, another life, he shall meet his kindred again. She speaks of that world as a place unsullied by sin—of that life as an area unembittered by suffering; she mightily strengthens her consolation by connecting with it two ideas—which morals cannot comprehend, but on which they love to repose—eternity, immortality; and the mind of the mourner being filled with an image, faint, yet glorious, of heavenly hills, all light and peace; of a spirit resting there in bliss; of a day when his spirit shall alight there, free and disembodied; of a reunion perfected by love, purified from fear, he takes courage—goes out to encounter the necessities and discharge the duties of life; and, though sadness may never lift her burden from his mind, hope will enable him to support it.

OUR SLATE

CLOTHIERS FURNISHERS

Though Congress refused to

RAISE THE WOOL TARIFF,

We are just raising the wool among the high priced old accumulations of clothing in this city.

We are showing the only

New Stock of Spring Wear

—for—

Men and Boys

At the present greatly

Reduced Prices

In the city.

No old stock at last year's prices.

Strictly One Price.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Hammerslough's Exclusive Agents.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Easter at Trinity.

At Trinity church the following is the program of the Easter music:

PROGRAM.

Miss Mary Randall, Soprano.
Mr. C. H. Salford, Tenor.
Miss Minnie Graves, Alto.
Mr. Sam D. Hanna, Basso.
Mr. Leonard Wales, Organist.

10:30 A. M.

Opening Voluntary—Easter Echoes.....Ruff
Anthem—"Christ, Our Passover.....
Harrison Millard
"Festival te Deum," first production...
Leonard Wales
Gloria Patri, No. 1.....H. Millard
Gloria Patri, No. 2.....Leonard Wales
Gloria Patri, No. 3....George William Waller
Jubilate Deo.....W. F. Sudds
Hymn—"Christ, the Lord, is Risen Today".....George William Warren
With Solo by Miss Minnie Graves.
Kyrie.....Rev. W. N. Webbe
Offertory—"He Who Gave for Us His Life" (arranged by L. Wales).....Meyerbeer
Soprano Solo by Miss Mary Randall.
Gloria in Excelsis.....Dudley Buck
Closing Voluntary.....Mendelssohn

7:30 P. M.

Grand Offertoire Pastorale.....Battiste
Organ.
Rock of Ages.....George William Warren
Christ, Our Passover.....H. Millard
Carols.....

By Members of Sunday School and Choir.
Offertory—Resurrection.....A. Holdon
Alto Solo by Miss Minnie Graves.

Strangers cordially invited.

NEW BUSINESS FOR WOMEN.

Within a year a new art has been developed calculated to relieve the pressure on the embroidery and painting business. High art has been introduced into the preservation of fruits and the baking of cakes and sweetmeats. This, too, has become a popular employment with people who are able to acquire the skill necessary. At the various art rooms now you will find canned fruit and fancy bake stuffs on exhibition, made by ladies for the most part who do it to employ their leisure time. These goods command the highest prices, being bought at rates which dealers in these stores would not dare to ask. The ill success of so many people in making their preserves make this business supply something of a want.—Albany Journal.

DR BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

Sunday Reading.

OBEYING OUR GUIDE.

I went up a great mountain yesterday, more than ten thousand feet high. On my way there was pointed out to me a place where a friend of mine met with a severe accident a few years ago. My guide had been also his.

"How did it happen?" said I.

The reply was: "He did not obey his guide. He would go by a way against which I warned him."

Even so, thought I, we must obey our heavenly guide, if we would journey safely. Faith is implicit reliance, and this implies unquestioning obedience. We must go only where our Savior leads us. We are sure to stumble if we leave His side.—Newman Hall.

FAMILY RELIGION.

Genuine heart religion will first be visible in the family. Prayer that is only heard in the church or public prayer-meeting, savors much of the street corner kind of religion. It has but little value in the eyes of discerning men, or of God. There is very little power in it, however loud long or zealous. It lacks concentration. It is too diffusive to obtain an answer.

The conditions that obtain an answer are; "if two of you,"—there is always the number in the family—"shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in Heaven." They must agree in what they want; they must believe before they can properly ask, and then ask wisely.

While all this may be done in public the most favorable and hopeful place is around the family altar, and without the family altar, all religion is vain. For God says, "I will pour out my fury on the families that call not on my name."

PREPARING FOR CHURCH.

Probably for many households the hours before church are hurried, tumulous and undevout. The family rise late, and breakfast is tardy. The children are harassed about shoes, gloves, and lost or mislaid articles of dress. The parents have not fully recovered from the fatigue of business or pleasure of Saturday night. The first bell peals out its summons before anybody feels ready to hear it, and the progress to the place of prayer is a scramble to arrive before the opening anthem shall have been concluded. Dr. Arnot, of Scotland, used to beg his people to spend the hour before coming to church in reading, meditation and prayer. If it were the habit of our congregations thus prepared in heart to go to the sanctuary, how different might be the impressions made on them by the sermons and public prayers. Had every disciple made the pastor, the week long, the subject of reverent, anxious, earnest prayer, would not the pastor enter his pulpit clothed with power from on high, and would not the benediction return with ten fold largeness on the worshipers themselves?—Christian Intelligence.

NO FEAR OF ILLNESS.

Doctors, it may be observed, seldom fall ill in times of epidemic, and seem to have a charm against disease. The fact it, they are not afraid of it. The imagination has a powerful influence on the human body. One can very easily imagine himself to be catching cold, and will really catch cold at the sight of an open window, when if he did not know the window was open, or was not afraid of its effects, he would escape the cold. Doctors understand this secret, but they do not impart it to their patients. Most invalids, real or supposed, would be angry if a physician would say to them, "nothing ails you, if you will only think so." They prefer to think themselves sick, and in time they really become so, for nature, though she struggles hard, can not stand everything. Too many drugs will finally destroy her healing power. These people who love to have a box of white pills in bottles, and a little book, all kept in some handy place, so that when a friend who has eaten too much dinner says, "Oh, I am fearfully nervous!" they may run for the little book, look for "nervousness," and administer so many pills of bryonia. When they have a headache, instead of dieting or eating more moderately, they take several drops of some nice poison. They trust nothing to nature, but call in a doctor for every little ailment, when fresh air, exercise and strict temperance in eating and drinking is all they need.

HOW TO OBTAIN LONG LIFE.

Thousand of people annually ruin their constitution by simply swallowing too much medicine. It may seem a very strange thing for a medical man to say, but it is nevertheless a fact. It is a dangerous thing to fly with every little ailment to the medicine chest. The use of tonics, unless under medical advice, should be discountenanced; a tonic is sharper than a two edged sword, it is a tool that needs to be used with caution. There are now, I am sorry to see, some aerated waters coming into use which contain the strongest mineral tonics, that are apt to accumulate in the system with the most disastrous results. They should, therefore, not be drunk ad libitum as to quantity, or without guidance as to quality. Rest should be taken with great regularity. One day in seven should be set apart for the complete rest of both body and mind. Independent of this, all who can afford it should take an annual holiday. Traveling is quite cheap, and two weeks or a month's relaxation from care and business cannot make a big hole in the purse of one who works all the rest of the year and knows how to economize time. Innocent pleasure and wholesome recreation conduct to longevity. All work and no play sends Jack to an early grave. Recreation is to the mind and nervous system what sunshine is to the blood. As a physician, I must be allowed to say just one word about the calming, quieting effect of religion on the mind. The truly religious make by far and always the best patients, their chances of recovery from serious sickness are greater, and so is their chances of long life, simply owing to the power they have of submitting themselves quietly, yet humbly and hopefully, to whatsoever may be before them.

CLAIMED THEIR RIGHT.

It is always honorable in religious people to "show their colors," and such a course makes them respected, in the end, by even the worst of men, for the reason that they see its consistency and recognize the courage it often requires. In the more primitive times in this country, when the popular estimate of a minister included more show of devotion, a traveling preacher would be misjudged who failed to pray openly at the usual hours, when stopping over night at a country tavern.

Especially was it necessary for a minister to hold his own in this particular, if any attempt or disposition was shown to bully him into silence. The famous Peter Cartwright had an experience with a profane landlord, while traveling with good old "Father Walker" in Virginia, which we give below in his own words;

"At bedtime Father Walker told the landlord that we were preachers, and modestly asked leave to pray in the family before we retired. The landlord flatly refused and swore he would have none of our praying about him, declaring that he knew we only wanted to pray off our bill.

"Father Walker expostulated with him, and mildly insisted on having the privilege to pray; but in vain. He said he would have no praying about his house.

I then asked him if he kept a house of public entertainment.

"He replied, 'Yes.'

"And, said I, "you allow men to curse and swear, and get drunk in your house, if they pay for it?'

"He said, 'Yes.'

"Well, then, we have as good a right to pray and serve God in your house, if we pay for it, as they have to serve the devil here and pay for it, and I insist that we have our rights. We have money, and don't wish to 'pray off our bill.'

"'Now, Father Walker,' I continued, 'do you pray and I'll watch; and if he cuts up any capers, I'll down on him, and hold him still till you are done praying; for, said I, 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

"So Father Walker prayed, and I watched the old landlord, who sat very quiet and looked sullen. After this he went off to bed, and his wife and daughter made many apologies for him, and hoped we would not be offended. I told them no, not at all; that he was heartily welcome to all he had made of us;

"And what is remarkable, the result seems to have justified this rough and ready management by the preachers, for the future moral and religious experience of this landlord's family was all that any good man could wish."

It is moral decision that disarms the enemies of the best interests of the soul. "I will welcome, if need be, the axe," said a great reformer, "but confounded be the tongue that dares ask me to abjure my principles." That man died for the truth, but men from the hour of that lofty declaration no more sought to purchase his principles, and his spirit lived on with the generations.

Moral decision is in itself soul power. "On the field of glory I cannot be hid," said the conqueror of Napoleon on the sea. Years passed, and he became the rival hero of the Nile, the north and Trafalgir. That sublime purpose caused one of the loftiest monuments in England to rise. Nelson avowed his mission, and fulfilled it.

The west owes its progress to-day greatly to the pioneer preachers. They were men who felt the force of their work, and claimed their rights boldly as the messengers of God.

They traveled almost continually; some of them preached daily; their salaries were small; they died poor. But they laid the foundations of the great western empire for God, and other men have entered into their labors.—Youth's Companion.

Loveliest Among the Lovely

is she who renews or preserves the beauty of her teeth with SOZODONT, confessedly the most effective preparation for them. Volumes of evidence might be adduced in support of its claims to public confidence, as a means of invigorating the teeth and rendering them pure, glistening and spotless, and not less satisfactorily proven, is its balmy influence upon the breath. Ask for genuine SOZODONT, and accept no cheap substitute.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

To the Front For the Entire

Fall and Winter Season

With a large and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Slippers!

At prices that will tell. We keep no snoddy goods, but sell good honest Boots and Shoes at prices to compete with shoddy stock sold elsewhere.

Rubber Boots and Overshoes,

And warm lined goods of all kinds. We have a larger stock than ever and can furnish anything you may want to keep the feet warm and dry.
We keep nothing but the best and our prices are as low as the lowest.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

BIG RED BOOT.

Fruit House Prices for 1884.

For the last six months there has been a steady decline on Sugars. They are now selling at the lowest point they have been for twenty years. Coffee A, 7⅞c; Coffee C, 6c; Yellow New Orleans, 6c; Cut Loaf and Granulated, 8c

RIO COFFEE

Has advanced in New York 5 cents per pound. We fortunately had purchased a large stock before the advance and continue to sell at old prices. Best Golden Rio 12½c; Roasted Rio, 18c per pound, Old Government Java, 20c; Roasted Java, 25c.

TEAS, Japan, Young Hyson Oolong and English Breakfast.

Our great Tea trade is the wonder of this part of the country; there is no secret in it; it is simply our purchasing our Teas in large lots, direct of the importers in New York and reselling direct to our customers at a small profit; this saves to our customers the intermediate profits of the jobber, speculator and wholesale merchant, which is at least 10 to 20 cents per pound. Young Hyson, 15c, 80c: best, 50c per pound; Gunpowder, 25c; best, 50c; Imperial, 30c best, 50c per pound; Oolong, 15c, 30c; best, 50c per pound; Japan, 20c, 30c; best, 50c per pound; English Breakfast, 30c; best 50c per pound.

But the Greatest Decline and Bargains of all is on Prunes.

The best Turkish Prunes now reduced to 6c per pound. They are now fruit and the finest in the market. The low price of prunes is owing to the fact that Turkey had an immense crop this last season never in the history of the country have they been so cheap.

Canned Fruit, Peaches, Tomatoes, etc.

Three lb Peaches, 20c; 3 lb Pie Peaches, 10c; 3 lb Tomatoes, 10c; Corn, 10 and 12½c; Quinces, 15c: California Fruits, 20c.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Choice Valencia Raisins, 8c per pound; Muscatel and Layer Raisins, 12½c; Leghorn Citron, 20c: Zantee Currents, 7c per pound; Dried Apples, 7c per pound; Choice Tennessee Peaches, 8c per pound.

Syrups 10c Lower, Best 50c.

Extra White Drips, 50c; Cuba, 30c; New Orleans Molasses, 60c per gallon; Cider Vinegar, 15c; White Wine Vinegar, 25c.

Wines, Liquors, Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter.

Nice Bourbon per gallon, $1; One year old, $1.25; Two years old, $1.50 and $1.75; Three year old best "76," for medical purposes, $2.50 Muscatel and Angelica Wine, $1.25; Port and Sherry Wine, $1.25; Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c per bottle; Brandy and Gin, $2.50 per gallon.

Candies. Stick and Fancy Nuts, &c.

Pure Stick Candy, 12½c; French Mixed Candy, 12½c; Fancy Candy, 15c; best 20c. Shelled Almonds, 35c per quart; Brazil Nuts, 15c per quart; Texas Pecans, 10; Filberts, 15c per quart; English Walnuts, 15c per quart. Pea Nuts roasted, 10c per pound.

Choice Cigars and Tobaccos.

Rose of America 90c per box; Chief Cook, $1 per box; Toney, $1.10 per box; Nabob, $1.25 per box; May Queen, $1 40 per box; Ambassador, $1.75 per box Fine Cut—Sun Shine, 40c per pound; Dew Drop, 50c per pound; Gilt Edge, 60c; Champion, 70c per pound. Plug Tobacco—Monitor, 35c per pound; Wild Flower, 40c per pound Bull Dog 35c per pound Gilt Edge Plug, 35c per pound Durham Plug, 35c per pound. Smoking Tobacco—Trade Dollar Smoking 25c per pound; Sterling Smoking, 18c per pound; Uncle Ned Smoking, 22c per pound; Honey Dew Smoking, 23c per pound Durham Smoking, 45c per pound.

Fish--Lake and Salt Water.

White Fish, kits $1.40; one-half barrel, $5 00; Pickerel, kits 50c; one-quarter barrel, $1.25; Family Mackerel, kits $1; extra mess in kits $2.25.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved by Buying

—AT THE—

FT. WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

REAL ESTATE!

For Sale by D. C. Fisher, No. 32 East Berry Street.

A beautiful two story and basement brick residence on West Berry street; ten rooms, all in good order; fine lot. Price, $7,500.

An elegant three story brick dwelling house, with all the modern improvements, hot and cold water throughout, and in the very best condition; situated on West Washington street. Price, $10,000.

Two story frame dwelling house, containing eight rooms; gas and water, with good barn; on West Washington street; for sale at a bargain. Price, $3,000.

A good two story frame dwelling house, with eight rooms, all in good shape; lot 50x150; on East Washington street; for sale cheap on reasonable terms. Price, $3,000.

A good frame dwelling house: good out houses; nice fruit on the place; all in first class order; on West Wayne street. Price, $3,800.

Two story brick dwelling house: on Wallace street, near Hanna school; rents for $20 per month; all in first class order. Price, $3,500.

Frame dwelling house, with full lot, in Burgess' addition; good stable, well and cistern, in good condition: cheap at $700.

A fine two story frame dwelling house, with ten rooms, good cellar, gas throughout the house; lot 50x150; all in first class order. Price, $4,500.

A good house and lot the corner of Washington and Union street; fine lot, good well, cistern and sidewalk; all in good order. Price, $3,500.

A good frame dwelling house on Harrison street: fine lot; cheap at $1,500.

An elegant two story dwelling house on West Washington street; for sale at a bargain. Price, $2,200.

A nice cottage home in the City Park addition; full lot. Price, $700.

Two story frame dwelling house on Baker street; all in good condition. Price, $1,60 .

House and lot in Foundry addition; all in good repair: cheap at $700.

A good two story frame dwelling house on Harrison street: full lot, in good condition. Price, $1,700.

A good two story frame dwelling house, with good improvements, on Miner street. Price, $1,500.

A nice one story frame dwelling house, with good cellar; all in first class order; in McCulloch's addition. Price, $1,000.

A good two story brick dwelling house, with forty acres of land, adjoining the city; can be bought very reasonable.

For sale at a sacrice a piece of valuable property adjoining the city; improvements first class; suitable for gardening or out of city residence; terms liberal and will take city property in trade. There is a great bargain in this piece of property.

A good two story brick dwelling house, with an acre and a half of ground surrounding it; all kinds of fruit and in first class order; can be purchased at a bargain.

A good one and a half story frame dwelling house, with six rooms; lot 40x150; on West Main street; in first class order; will trade for farm property. Price, $2,500.

A nice one and a half story frame dwelling house, in Jones' addition, with eight rooms; all in good condition. Price, $1,600.

A good brick dwelling house on East Jefferson street; seven rooms, good cellar, water works and cistern; lot 50x150; cheap at $3,250.

A good two story frame dwelling house on East Lewis street; improvements first class. Price, $1,500.

Frame house and full lot on Glascow avenue. Price, $1,200.

A fine two story frame dwelling house, with full lot, on West Jefferson street; good barn and out houses; shade trees, fruits, well and cistern; all in first class order; a rare bargain. Price, $4 000.

A good two story brick dwelling house on East Jefferson street; good stable, etc. Price, $3,000.

A good one and a half story frame dwelling house good stable; lot 50x150; cheap and on easy terms. Price, $3,500.

A good frame dwelling house on Douglass avenue; all in good order. Price, $2,500.

Two story brick dwelling house on Montgomery street, near Lafayette street; all in good order. Price, $4,000.

A nice cottage house in the Foundry addition, near the Bass foundry. Price, $1,200

Two good frame dwelling houses on Lasalle street; a good investment and a bargain at $2,500.

A good and substantial frame dwelling house, with good improvements; all in good order; can be purchased upon reasonable terms; on East Washington street. Price $3,000.

Two story frame dwelling house, with five rooms, good cistern and stable; lot 50x150, on Maumee road. Price, $1,500.

A good two story brick (double) dwelling house, with fifteen rooms, suitable for a boarding house, within one square of the Pittsburg shops. Price, $3,800.

A good two story frame boarding house on Wells street; can be purchased at a bargain.

A fine residence on West Main street; will trade for business property and pay difference in cost; a good bargain.

A good frame dwelling house on the corner of Marion and high streets; all in good condition. Price, $1,300.

Good frame dwelling house; stable, good well, cistern and fruit; all in first class order; on Langohr street. Price $1,500.

A good two story brick dwelling house in Fairfield's addition; lot 150 feet square; for sale at a bargain.

A good two story brick dwelling house on Spy Run avenue; all in good condition; a rare bargain.

Good two story frame dwelling house on Spy Run avenue: for sale cheap.

A good one story frame dwelling house on West Main street; cheap at $1,200.

A nice house and lot on Creighton avenue; lot 60x150. Price, $900.

House and lot on Taylor street. Price, $1,000.

A good carpenter shop and full lot on Broadway. Price, $1,500.

A good frame dwelling house and lot on Clark street; cheap at $700.

Two story frame dwelling house on Bass street; all in good order. Price, $1,800.

One and a half story frame dwelling house on Poplar street; good well, cistern, fruits, etc. Price, $1,200

A good two story frame dwelling house, with eight rooms, good well, cistern, etc.; all in good condition, with good stable attached; fine lot; on Maumee avenue. Price, $2,800.

Two story frame dwelling house on Maumee avenue; all in good condition and all in good repair. Price, $1,800.

A choice vacant lot on West Main street; choice fruit of all kinds; good fence and pavement around said lot; cheap at $1,500.

Two of the choicest vacant lots on West Berry street; stone pavement, paved gutters good sewer in the rear; an elegant site for a beautiful residence. Price, $6,000.

Fifteen nice vacant lots in Hanna & Fisher's addition; prices and terms made to suit purchasers

Five choice lots in J. T. Hanna's addition; can be purchase at a bargain.

Three fine residence lots on East Wayne street; size of lots, 60x200 feet; all fenced and good plank sidewalk in front of them. Price, $3,000.

A choice vacant lot on East Washington street. Price, $1,000.

Two good lots in E. Hanna's addition; to be had at a bargain.

Fifteen choice lots in Tompkins' addition, ranging in price from $300 to $700 cash, on long time.

Fifteen nice vacant lots in Comparet's Second addition; for sale cheap and on easy payments.

A beautiful vacant lot on West Wayne street; location very desirable; only six squares from Calhoun street. Price, $1,000.

A choice lot on the corner of Calhoun and Jefferson streets, 60x150 feet; an elegant building site for mercantile purposes; for sale at a bargain.

A choice lot in the City of Toledo; will trade for Fort Wayne property; a good bargain.

Seventy-five choice lots in Nebraska for sale cheap and on long time; within ten minutes walk of the court house; prices ranging from $250 to $600.

One hundred choice lots in White's addition; can be purchased at rare bargains

Seventy-five choice lots in Hanna's Homestead addition; for sale cheap.

Five hundred vacant lots in all parts of the city, to be sold at reasonable prices.

One thousand acres of good farming land in Laporte county, Ind.

Five hundred acres of good land in Marshall county, Ind.; can be bought on reasonable time.

A good farm in Whitley county, Ind.; good buildings and land mostly under cultivation; for sale cheap.

Fifty good improved farms in Allen county, Ind.

One thousand acres of choice farming land in Benton county, Ind.; all smooth prairie and an excellent quality of soil.

Ten thousand acres of good farming land in Allen county, Ind.

A good three story brick hotel, within two squares of the court house, containing fifty good rooms, ground 60x150 feet; a rare and profitable investment said property will be sold cheap and terms made to suit purchaser.

A good three story brick store building on Columbia street, 20x110; all in good order. Price, $4,000

Three story brick store building on Clay street; all in good condition. Price, $5,000.

We have constantly on hand for sale or exchange a large list of all kinds of city property, farms and lands and unsurpassed facilities for negotiating profitable investments in real estate securities.

Parties desiring to sell are solicited to enter their real estate in our agency, for which we make no charge unless a sale is effected.

We can show our customers good bargains at any and all times and invite you to come and look over our list.

We negotiate loans on improved property in the city.

D. C. FISHER,

32 East Berry Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Free Amusement.

A Puzzle that will Puzzle you.

Everyone Puzzled.

A PRIZE OF $10

In goods will be given to the first person who shall hand in a written rule containing the least number of words for the solution of this Puzzle before

JULY 4, 1884.

Each rule must be dated, signed and sealed by the party who hands it in.

PUZZLES!

Will be given to everybody at our store.
Be sure and get one.

Copyrighted Sept. 23, 1883, by C. C. Knowlton, Buffalo, N. Y.

Directions.—Place white buttons on the four upper stars, and black buttons on the four lower stars. The puzzle is to change the white buttons to the lower stars, and the black buttons to the upper stars by moving and jumping; never more than one star at a time; never jump more than one button, and always jump a button of opposite color; white buttons must be moved downward only, and black ones upward only.

At the low prices we name this spring on our immense stock of Fine

READY-MADE CLOTHING

and Gents Furnishing Goods. All the latest styles for spring, in Makes, Patterns and Colors, now on exhibition in our sales room.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.

is over crowded with late novelties.

CALL AND SEE

—OUR—

SPRING OFFERINGS!

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.

THE WEATHERBY "WAVE."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, rang the door bell at Captain Weatherby's.

The captain and his wife were sitting in front of the coal fire in the back parlor, waiting until it should be safe to leave, and seeing many queer things in the glowing ashes. The "help"—they do not keep servants—had gone to bed, and the house was shut up for the night. No one was expected and it was too late for callers, so there was a mutual start of alarm on the part of the pair when the front door bell rang in that sudden way.

Tin-a-ling-a-ling-aling-aling-ling!

It was really quite ghostly; Mrs. Weatherby said. "Mercy me, who is there, do you suppose?" and the captain replied: "Like as not it's a tellygram."

Then he went to the door. The wire of that indignant bell was still vibrating and the tongue itself had just stopped wagging and yet when the captain opened the door not a soul was visible. The soft, light flakes of the last snow of the season drifted into his face, and fell cold and wet on his cheeks. Mrs. Weatherby was close behind him, and exclaimed:

"Mercy me! It was nobody!"

"Not even the cat," said her husband. "Old Prim can do a sight of mischief, but she can't ring door bell's. It was some pesky boy, I suppose, who thought he'd play smart and then run for it."

"What's that on the door step?" asked Mrs. Weatherby suddenly.

"It's a drift," said the captain. "I tell you what, Mary, there'll be a nor' easter to-night, nor' east by nor' with a wind that'll make the sails rattle. It's gettin' up now," and he drew in his uncovered head, and was about to shut the hall door.

"There is something there Silas," said his wife, "right on the top step. Looks like a bundle.'

The captain peered out again.

"It'sright you are, my hearty. Sure as you live it's a basket," and he touched it with his foot.

"Oh, it's the groceries for to-morrow; that careless boy forgot them. No wonder he ran away when he rang the bell! Fetch 'em in, Silas, and leave them in the back parlor to-night. Hannah will see thim first thing in the morning!"

"Better take them into the caboose —I mean the kitchen," said the captain.

"No; it's locked up. Put 'em on that chair by the door. Ugh! I'm shiverin' with the cold air," and the good woman sat down in frontof the comfortable coals again.

"We've a heap to be thankful for, Mary," said the captain thoughtfully;

"Y-e-s, I s'pose so," sighed his wife; she was thinking just then of two little graves at Marblehead. They had been made nigh on to twenty years ago, and the vacancy in her heart and life had never been filled.

At that moment a queer little wailing cry rang through the room. The two started and looked at each other;

"Sakes alive! What was it?" asked Mrs. Weatherby.

"It came out of that basket," said the captain; "that fool of a boy has stowed a hand in the fo'castle—I mean a kitten," and he stalked over to it and jerked off the cover.

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed as he jumped back about four feet; "it's a baby."

"Mercy me," said his wife; "where did it come from?"

"From the skies, I should say, that's what the bell rang for. Well, I must say this is an imposition."

Mrs. Weatherby was looking curiously into the basket; all she saw was rags, two bright, smiling eyes, and a little round head covered with dark hair—a wee bit baby, deserted and alone.

"I'll go for the police," said the captain, angrily; "shiver my timbers if I'm going to have people starving their babies on my door step when there's places provided for them as are destitute. The police will make short work of it; Mary."

"They won't kill it, will they?" asked Mrs. Weatherby in a horrid tone.

"Well, no, wife; that's against the law. But they'll take it where such waves (he meant waifs) belong. If you ain't afraid to stay alone I'll run out to the next corner and fetch one.

When the captain returned with the policeman he had to stop and explain the exact spot where they found the basket, how the bell had rung, etc., and so it was a half hour or more before they got into the back parlor. There Mrs. Weatherby sat with the object rolled up in a table cloth, lying in her lap and basking contentedly in the rays of the fire.

"Here we are," said the captain in a brisk tone. "Now Mr. Policeman, you can take the youngster off in the basket it came in, can't you?"

"It's a nice boy," said the policeman, looking down on the tiny head basking in the fire light.

"Girl," corrected Mrs. Weatherby. "I tell you what, Silas, I think I had better keep the baby till morning. It don't seem exactly Christian to let it go out in the cold to-night again."

"That'll suit me," said the policeman. "It's a good bit from here to the Foundlin's, and it do seem at home, sir."

"Very foolish, very foolish, Mary; but have your own way; only don't let me be bothered by its cryin', that's all," said the captain as he peeped over shyly and stole a look at the "wave."

The next morning at 10 o'clock the policeman was on hand for the baby.

"Now, isn't it too bad," said Mrs. Weatherby, "but the fact is it ain't ready," and she slipped some money into the man's hand for his trouble, "I'm going to look over some things I've put away," said the poor little mother, "and give it some decent clothes to wear; Would it be too much trouble to ask you to come for it this evening?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," said the officer. As he went out Captain Weatherby looked up from his paper and winked at him. The officer winked back and looked very knowingly at Mrs. Weatherby.

Such a running and rummaging as there was in that house all that day; and by night the baby had quite an extensive wardrobe ready; dressed out in the little tucked and embroidered baby gown that had been brought out and done up for it, from the stock that once had belonged to those other babies who no longer needed them, it looked like a very different baby from that in the basket.

"It ain't such a bad looking wave, after all," said the captain, bending his honest red face over it and holding out a rough and rugged forefinger, which the baby instantly grasped, and laughed and cooed over it.

"Here's the p'liceman, mum, for the baby," said Hannah, ushering that functionary in.

"Oh," said Mrs. Weatherby, looking greatly disappointed, "I'm not half ready yet!"

"But ti's only the baby, mum, they wants. One of the foundlings died last night and this here one is to have its place," said the man.

"I can't help it" said Mrs. Weatherby; "the child won't go till it is ready. Its clothes are not even packed up yet."

"You see," laughed the captain, "my mate there will want a Saratogy trunk for that wave's clothes before she gets through with it. Say, Mr. Policeman, just as soon as it's ready I'll send for you to come after it."

"Just so, sir," answered the man; "just so, I'll return to duty, and you can let me know when missis is ready."

There was an amused twinkle in the captain's eye, when he saw how relieved his wife looked as the man took his departure.

All this happend a year ago. I was reminded of it by receiving the following card, which was sent out generally by the good captain and his wife:

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere, into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

What makes your forehead smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it, as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that coral ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Whence came your feet, dear little things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
How did they all first come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

Your presence is desired at the christening party of our adopted daughter,
ETHEL,
Wednesday afternoon, January 30, 1884.
Ceremony at 3.
MR. AND MRS. SILAS WEATHERBY.

If any one expected a fashionable gathering it was simply because they did not know their host and hostess very well. The great, comfortable house was full of guests, but they were mostly people of the Weatherby stamp; good, plain, sensible souls who did not go through life junketing and dancing, so they carried into any occasion of enjoyment in which they participated an almost childish zest. And all the ladies purred over that blessed baby, and all the gentlemen button holed the captain and made him tell the story over.

"Found it on the door step, you say; f-o-u-n-d it on the door step? How very remarkable!"

"And in that very boat basket, I mean—grounded as it were at my feet—the prettiest wave that ever struck the shoals for me—my eyes, sir!"

It was hard to recognize the baby in its pink slip and coral ornaments, but harder to recognize the basket, for it was one mass of flowers and, tied with rose pink ribbons, looked as gay as a peacock.

There was only one thing that came near marring the perfect enjoyment of the occasion. It was when the minister, a pale, slight intellectual looking young man stepped forward to begin the ceremony in which the "wave" was to have a Christian name, and Captain Weatherby called out:

"Ship ahoy!"

The good man stopped and looked perplexed.

"Stow the prayer, parson," said the captain; "short services on this ship, if you please."

The minister smiled and the ceremony proceeded, and all the prayers and remarks of the occasion were condensed by the celebrant into a single quotation.

"When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up."

A former invalid writes: "I was greatly reduced in health and strength, caused by bad blood. I had a dozen boils in different parts of my body, and suffered many aches and pains, while the least exertion gave me great fatigue. I took three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla and am completely cured. At night I enjoy refreshing, dreamless slumber, and all day I feel energetic and strong.

A Cape Cod bride made her husband adopt her family name.

If the testimony of eminent chemists and sagacious medical men is of any value, Dr. Price's Cream baking powder is the most perfect mode. These men of standing in their professions not only recommend its use, but endorse its perfect purity, excellence and wholesomeness by using it in their own families.

"Oh, where have the old folks gone?" is the title of a new song. It is presumed that they have gone to bed, but there is never any telling. Don't risk staying too late.—Philadelphia Call.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for coughs and colds: "I think them the best and most convenient relief extant."—Rev. C. M. Humphrey, Gratz, Ky.

Stubborn Facts

Bristol Station, Va., Oct 5.

R. K. Helphenstine—Sir: In reply to your letter asking me about Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, I have to answer that I have never found anything that would help me until I tried it. I think it is the most wonderful medicine ever used for rheumatism. Nothing can be said in praise of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy that will not meet my hearty approval. Yours, truly,

W. F. Bodine,

Of the firm of Hornabraker & Bodine, Dealers in flour, meal, feed, &c.

Sold by all druggists. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, druggist, Washington, D. C. nov5 7m

CAMPAIGN HUMOR.

The Story of a Berkshire Pig, told by a Kentucky Politician.

Gen. Cass's position on the slave question while he was a candidate for the presidency was a subject of much discussion and no little ridicule. Among other stories told was one by a Kentuckian, who would preface his remarks by drawing from his pocket a copy of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and from the other a copy of the Nashville Union. He would then read from the Plain Dealer the most strenuous assurances just as positive that Gen. Cass was a proslavery man.

"Now, I am not good at speaking," continued the Kentuckian, "but the Michigan man's position puts me in mind of a little circumstance which happened in my neighborhood in Kentucky some time ago, which I must tell you. I had a neighbor by the name of Martin, who was an uncommon clever physician and an importer of fine stock. One day the doctor stopped to get his horse shod at neighbor Bird's, the blacksmith, who lived about two miles from the doctors house. The doctor commenced talking about his beautiful Berkshire pigs, and told the blacksmith, in a fit of liberality, that he would give him a pig out of the next litter 'Su' had.

"In the course of two months or such a matter, the doctor called at the shop and told neighbor Bird that 'Su' had a fine litter, and to send and get his pig. So Bird posts his man Bob off with his wife's large willow basket to get the pig. Between Bird's and Martin's Sam Smith, who was a great quiz, kept a little grocery, and seeing Bob coming post haste on his master's horse old Tom, with the basket on his arm, he sang out: 'Hello Bob, where are you going in such a hurry this morning?' 'I is gwine to Massa Dr. Martin's to get Massa Tom's Bucksur pig, what Massa doctor promised Massa Tom the las' time he shod his hoss,' said the negro as he reined in the animal. 'Well, Bob, you must stop as you come back and let me see the pig.' 'Dat I will Massa Sam, dat I will,' and away he went at the top of old Tom's speed.

"In less than an hour Bob returned with a genuine swine, and alighting at the grocery, he lifted the cover of the basket, and to the astonished gaze of the groceryman, who imagined a Berkshire to be something more than a mere hog, exhibited a very beautiful specimen of a jet black pig. An idea struck Sam Smith to play a joke on Bob, and, knowing his propensity to imbibe, told him to go in the grocery and get a dram. While Bob was gone Sam Smith ran around the back of the house and got a little black pup about the same heft, and took the pig out of the basket and put the pup in. When Bob came out and mounted his nag, Sam Smith handed him the basket and off he went. On arriving at home the blacksmith asked him if he had got the pig. 'Yes, Massa, and a werry fine pig he be, to,' said Bob, lifting up the cover, 'black as coal,' when to the utter astonishment of Bob and Bird there lay a little black curly pup. 'Is that a Berkshire pig?' asked the blacksmith in amazement; 'why, it is a pup, not a pig?' 'Bless de Lord,' said Bob, 'he be pig when I put him in de basket, but he change to pup!' 'Take him back, sir, said Bird, highly indignant, 'and tell Dr. Martin that I don't want to be fooled with his puppies, and if he don't want to give me a Berkshire pig, to say so.'

"Bob started back, and naturally enough, stopped at the grocer's to relate his mishaps to Sam Smith, who heard him out with a countenance expressive of wonder, at the same time doing his best to control his increasing desire to burst into fits. 'Well, get down,' said the grocerer, 'and take another dram. Bob didn't require a second invite, and while he was getting his bold face,' the grocer took the pup from the basket, and put back the pig. 'Massa Sam,' said Bob, coming out to mount his horse, 'I am mighty obfusticated 'bout dis pig. First I think him pig, I know he is pig first, and den I know he is pup, too. Ain't you sartin, Massa Sam, he was pig first,' asked Bob, as he mounted his critter. 'I'll swear to it, replied Smith, and away Bob rode for the doctor's.

"On arriving at the house, Bob delivered his message, but the doctor seemed somewhat incredulous as to the truth of the story, Bob with a flourish of insulted veracity opened the lid of the basket, when lo, there was the indentical pig that he started with. Bob stood transfixed, and with eyes protruding and mouth open, remarked: 'For God, 'taint no use, mass he be pig or pup, just as he pleases.' The crowd became convulsed with laughter, and gave the Kentuckian three cheers.—Ben Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

GIANT BIRDS OF OLD.

Huge Ancestors of the Ostrich—A Goose Twelve Feet High.

There's an interesting slab, said a geologist to a reporter, holding up an ancient and weather worn slab. "It's a fac-smile of a cast in the British museum, that bears the remains of the oldest bird known. It had a regular lizzard tail. This specimen was found in the Bavarian quarries at Solenhofen, where so much valuable lithographic slate is found.

"The archæopteryx, judging from this specimen, was about the size of a crow, and the first thing that attracted the finder's attention was the remarkable tail. If you can imagine the pope's nose of the bird or a turkey stretched out so that it is longer than the bird itself, and made up of twenty movable bones or vertebræ, each supporting a pair of feathers, one upon each side, a fair conception of this strange tail may be had. A further examination showed that the fore limb had two toes or fingers free of the limb, each arm with a powerful claw, while a third was greatly elongated and supported the feathered wing.

"The head of the archæopteryx was not found, but from later discoveries of other early birds it is presumed that its reptile like appearance was increased by having veritable teeth in its jaws.

In our country the rocks of a later time have preserved birds for us that are perhaps equally as wonderful as the long tailed specimen from Solenhofen. For a long time their footprints had been known, and finally some specimens were discovered in Kansas, that attracted universal attention, from the fact that they possessed veritable teeth. These curious creatures were taken from the chalk beds, and named by Professor Marsh, the discoverer, odontornithes. Twenty specimens were found, showing that the possession of teeth was probably general among birds at that time. The largest bird taken from the chalk was named the hesperorious. It was a great water bird, at least six feet in length. Its jaws were lined with sharp teeth, set in grooves. The wings were like those of the ostrich, incapable of lifting it from the ground, while its feet were webbed like those of a duck. In fact, if we can imagine such a strange conglomeration, the hesperorius was a carnivorous or flesh eating, swimming, ostrich like bird.

"The flying birds of that age, not larger than our common pigeons, also had teeth. Such was the jettryordes. Its teeth were in sockets, just like those of the alligator of to-day, and it had a backbone like that of a fish. Another was a pigeon with teeth, and others somewhat resembled swans and rails; all however, being provided with sharp teeth of various kinds, showing that they were hunters, and far different in their habits from their descendant of to-day.

"Equally strange are some of the birds that have become extinct in later times, and have been preserved in the earth. Within a few months some excavations in the plastic clay of Bas Meudon, France, have resulted in the discovery of the remains of a gooselike bird, which, when the bones were arranged, towered aloft to height twice that of the tallest man. Such enormous birds must have presented a strange spectacle moving about in flocks, and from them probably came the legend of the rock of the Arabian Nights. The bones of a vulture like birk have been found that exceeded in size the gastornis of France. Its name is the megalornis, and it probably preyed upon the monster goose, which could not escape by flying.

The caves of various countries were evidently the resorts of the large birds of early times, and in many caves the remains of remarkable birds have been found. Thus, in France, a large crane has been found in various caves, together with the remains of the reindeer, all the bones showing marks of the instruments of primeval men. The remains of the snowy owl and the willow grouse are also common, and in the Zebug cavern, in Malta, a gigantic extinct swan has been discovered. South America caves have produced over thirty-four different kinds of birds; but it is to New Zealand and Madagascar that we look for the most remarkable gigantic forms. In the latter island, which seems to have been the home of many these animals, Isador St. Hilaire found the remains of an enormous bird, the æpyronis maximus. In traveling through the country his attention was attracted to the symmetrical dishes that were occasionally possessed by some of the native tribes, and thinking they were gourds, he inquired where they were obtained. To his amazement the owners informed him that the dishes were part of the egg shells of a great bird and upon further investigation he found the remains of the giant and its eggs. The eggs, when perfect, were each equal in size to 135 hen's eggs, and would hold two gallons of water. This strange bird and others that have since been discovered seem to have been buried in the sand beds of the southern part of the islann, and there preserved for ages.

"Larger even than the æpyornis was the gigantic moa, whose skeletons have been obtained in great quantities in New Zealand. In a single swamp several tons of bones were found, and of such prodigious bulk that at first it was supposed they were the remains of an elephant; but the bills and feet proved them to be large wingless birds, which had probably waded into the swamp and became mired, and so hardened and preserved. Here, too, the great birds seem to have resorted to caves, and what is called the Moa Bone Point cave has produced great numbers of skeletons, found buried with the remains of the ancient Maori, and recently some feathers of these great birds have been found.

It seems almost incredible that a bird should exist large enough to prey upon the great moa, yet such was undoubtedly the case. A bird of prey, the harpagornis lived, that could easily have mastered the largest moa. In still later times the great rail, notorious, gigantic geese, strange crested parrots, the king of pigeons, the dodo, and the curious solitaire have passed away, and become a part of the strange and wonderous history of the rocks—New York Sun.

Mensman's peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its nutricious propeties. It contains blood making, force generating and life sustaining properties, invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

A pair of buff "kids"—twin Chinese babies.

Burnett's Cocoaine Has Received Universal Endorsement.

No other preparation possesses such remarkable properties for embelishing and strengthening the hair and rendering it dark and glossy. It cures baldness and eradicates dandruff.

Burnett's Flavoring extracts are the best..

Yale college library now numbers 115,000 volumes.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should alway be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

* * * "Pretty wives and
Lovely daughters."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet caused me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife to-day has gained her old time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say so myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder and says, 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good I thankfully remain.

Most truly yours,
C. L. JAMES.

Beltsville, Prince George County, Md., May 26, 1883.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labeled thus:

James Epps & co., Homœpathic chemists, London, England. [Jy21mon&sat-1y

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FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

Doubly Valuble.

The most economical and effective external remedy is Benson's Capeine Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous maps, 20 volumes, large octavo, $25.00; cheaper edition, $15.00. Specimen pages free. 500,000 Volumes Choice Books—descriptive Catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. NOT sold by dealers—prices too low. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. Box 1227.

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A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, postpaid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers to which he refers.

This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book would not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated success fully without an instance of failure. Mention this paper. Apr25-4w

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Common Council of the City of Fort Wayne at the office of the City Civil Engineer, until

TUESDAY, THE 22D DAY OF APRIL, 1884,

for the following work:

For grading and paving with brick the sidewalks on the west side of Broadway from the south line of Ewing's out lot No. 1, to the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway.

For grading and paving with brick the sidewalks on the north side of Taylor street from Fairfield avenue to the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway.

For grading and planking the alley between Main street and Berry street from Harrison street to the west line of lot No. 511, Hanna's addition.

For grading and paving with brick the sidewalks on the west side of Francis street bordering on lots No. 612, 611 and 610, Hanna's amended addition.

For grading and paving with brick the sidewalks on the east side of Harmer street bordering on lot No. 11, Hanna's partition addition.

Plans and specifications can be seen at said office where all information concerning the work may be had.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

By order of the Common Council.

J. H. STRAUGHAN,
City Civil Engineer.

Fort Wayne, April 12, 1884.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Common Council of the City of Fort Wayne until

TUESDAY, THE 22D DAY OF APRIL, 1884,

for the following work:

For constructing a wooden bridge across Shawnee Run at the alley running east and west between Creighton avenue and DeWald street.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the City Civil Engineer where all information concerning the work may be had.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

By order of the Common Council.

D. O'BRIEN,
Street Commissioner.

Fort Wayne, April 11, 1884.

NOTICE.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Ry. Co., General Office, Bissell Block, Pittsburg, Pa., April 3, 1884.

☞ AN ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE stock and bondholders of this Company will be held at the office of the Company in this city on THURSDAY, the 1st day of May proximo, at 11 o'clock a. m., to consider and act upon a proposition to create a bonded indebtedness of the Company, and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

By order of the President.

JOHN J. HADEY,
Apr4-td Secretary

PROPOSALS—CHURCH AT FORT WAYNE, IND.

Sealed proposals will be received until noon of Wednesday, April 23, by the building committee of the First Presbyterian church of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the furnishing of materials and the erection of a church building, the approximate cost of which will be $35,000. Church to be enclosed and lecture room finished for occupancy by November 15.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Henry M. Williams, Fort Wayne, Ind., or copies of specifications will be furnished on application. The building committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Each bid must be accompanied by a written guarantee of two responsible parties that such bidder will enter into a contract for the construction of said church, and that they will become sureties on a bond to be signed by the bidder as principal for the faithful performance of said contract, should the contracts be awarded to such bidder.

O. P. MORGAN,
7eod-d Chairman of Committee.

A. Hattersley & Son,

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STEAM FITTERS!

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EYE AND EAR.

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☞ Hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. dawtf

T. P. M'CULLOUGH, M. D.

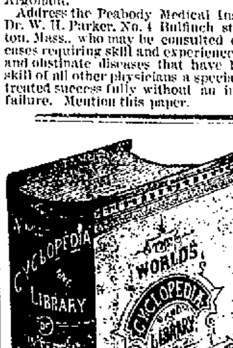
H. M'CULLOUGH, M. D.

T. P. & H. McCullough,

PHYSICIANS.

Office 180 Calhoun Street.

Sept9-1y



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JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Aug15eodd&eowwly

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

THE CITY.

The ice cream season comes.

Judge Hench has returned to the city.

Hay is worth $9 a ton and finds a ready market.

Barrows, the artist, photographed the ball tossers in a group.

Clerk McDermut has issued 1,127 permits for water up to date.

Frank Falker is in the city. Mr. Falker is well pleased with life on the road.

Judge O'Rourke came home to-day from Huntington, where he has been holding court.

Miss Jennie Bruebach, of Warsaw, is in the city, the guest of her father, Dr. George T. Bruebach.

A. D. Cressler, manager of the Kerr Murray foundry, went to Pittsburg to-day, where he has a big contract.

Miss Maggie Hill and Miss Clara Freeman, two pretty Decatur girls, are attending the Conservatory of Music.

Two members of the Fort Wayne base ball club, O'Keefe and Butlege, have been sent home. They can't play ball.

William Kirtley, the Warsaw landlord, is in the city to purchase new furniture for the hotel just completed at Warsaw for him.

Dan Hays, passenger conductor on the Richmond road, won an $80 gold watch in a raffle last night. Mr. Hays is proud of his ticker.

The Clay street sewer is finished. It cost the property owners of the east end about $30,000. The council will accept the work at the next meeting.

Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" will be sung by the Cathedral choir to-morrow morning. Twelve voices will participate and Prof. John Mohr will preside at the organ.

It is probable that Keene will give the "Fool's Revenge," here next Thursday evening. The tragedian's advance agent has not yet come and Manager Woodworth is anxious.

All members of the militia company and all members of the G. A. R., who wish to join, are requested to be present Monday night to be measured for uniforms at Grand Army hall.

The new Methodist ministers will fill their pulpits to-morrow. The religious editor of THE SENTINEL invites the reverend gentlemen to send in their Sabbath announcements regularly.

The Rochester Sentinel is of the opinion that if the Wabash is able to enforce its rules regarding smoking and profanity it will "soon have a corps of employes who will make good foreign missionaries."

The Peru Sentinel says the Wabash road is soon to have a new master mechanic. We don't believe it. Mr. J. B. Barnes is too good a man to let go; besides, Mr. Talmage cannot make a better appointment.

Butter is very scarce and expensive in Fort Wayne. It is said oleomargerine is used on many tables. Dr. Metcalfe tells us he will investigate the butter business, and he has the courage to make a thorough examination.

General Manager Talmage, Superintendent Stevens and Master Mechanic Barnes came in from the west this morning and inspected the Wabash shops and depot buildings here. Messrs. Talmage and Stevens went to Toledo.

The indications for the lower lake region as reported for THE SENTINEL by the weather bureau at Washington are as follows: Fair weather to-day and local rains to-morrow morning, east to south winds, slight rise in the temperature, lower barometer.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Lafayette, will lecture at the M. E. Church at Andrews Monday and Tuesday evenings. Her subjects will be: "The Relation of Women to Moral Reform." "High License." The Wabash management has arranged to let most of its employes attend the lectures.

The freight traffic on the Wabash for the coming summer promises to be the largest ever known. General Manager Talmage has arranged to secure all the Missouri Pacific business not billed through by other routes, and in addition to this the outlook for crops along the line was never better.

J. A. Griffin, of Union City, Mich., who was injured while on the train at the Grand Rapids and Nickel Plate crossing, last December, is in the city to advise with his attorneys in regard to a settlement with the companies. Griffin thinks he will never recover fully from the injury he received at that time, being hurt internally.

A new order was posted up in the Wabash shops here to-day, setting forth that no persons under twenty-one years of age be employed by the company without the written consent of their parents, and further that all employes now in the service of the road, under twenty-one years of age, be dismissed unless they comply with the above requirements.

The Gerke boarding house on Calhoun street, is closed.

The Olds wagon works were closed yesterday and to-day.

Henry Fisher, of the Staats Zeitung, was at Chicago yesterday.

Fifty car loads of stock went east yesterday over the Pittsburg road.

Max Nirdlinger, the clothing merchant, went to Indianapolis this morning.

Dan O'Neil, of the Pittsburg railroad offices here, is back from a trip to Pittsburg.

A grand concert will be given at the German Lutheran Library hall Monday evening.

R. W. Green and Col. John J. White, of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, are at St. Louis.

Mrs. Abe Davis and Miss Bell Murphy, of Wabash, are mingling with Fort Wayne friends to-day.

Albert Bond, manager of the organ factory, returned last night from the east, where he was on business.

Mrs. Catherine Munson will be sent back to the insane asylum from which she was discharged in April, 1883.

Rev. Koehler preached in Emmanuel's Lutheran church yesterday morning. Rev. Koehler is editor of the German School Journal.

Big flag stones are being laid in front of Esmond's hotel, on South Calhoun street. One of the stones broke this morning and Mr. Esmond is out about $60.

J. H. Bass to-day received three handsome Clydesdale horses from Illinois. The animals were taken to his farm, where he now has four other Clydesdale horses.

Conrad Baker, the ex-street commissioner and one of the most highly respected citizens of Fort Wayne, died yesterday afternoon at his home on West Berry street.

Wm. A. Clapesattle and Harriet A. Crawford, Levi Bayer and Julia Luker, John V. Luntz and Minnie L. E. Volmer, and George Kaiser and Eliza Kanning, have been licensed to wed.

Max Baumgartner, city marshal of Huntington, offers a reward of $50 for the body—dead or alive—of Christ Weissweber, who misteriously disappeared from that city a few weeks ago.

The Wabash Plain Dealer says: "Will Emery, the tireless local editor of the Huntington Democrat, has accepted a position on the FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, where he is sure to achieve success." Mr. Emery comes on duty next week.

Andrews Express: "Will Emery, the able, reliable and industrious 'local' of the Huntington Democrat, has accepted a responsible position on THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL. Will is a reporter of decided talent, and will give THE SENTINEL management excellent satisfaction."

Councilmen Michael and Brames met City Assessor Jocquel last night at the city hall and examined 1,100 blanks returned so far by the deputy assessors. About 1,000 were accepted, but the rest were returned to the signers for a better return of personal property. Some merchants put their stock at a ridiculously low figures.

Yesterday afternoon Marshal Meyer arrested a boot-black named Higbee, who went through the till of Louis Fortweide, the Calhoun street shoemaker. Higbee nailed some $7 in silver, which was in a bag in the money drawer, and then skipped. When arrested, the youth confessed all and the stolen cash was found upon his person. He was indicted by the grand jury yesterday.

It is proposed to lay a stone street pavement from the Robinson house to the Wells street bridge. The structure at present spanning the river on that throughfare will be replaced this summer by a new iron truss bridge, and if the street improvement contemplated will be made, that portion of the public highway will be the finest in the city. There is no question but that the necessity exists.

Notice has been received here that the board of arbitration of the eastern trunk lines will meet at the office of Commissioner Fink next Thursday, to hear arguments relative to percentages to be allowed the lines in the pools. The percentages allowed at present are as follows: Michigan Central, 18.75; Lake Shore, 16.50; Nickel Plate, 8; Fort Wayne, 19.75; Pan Handle, 8; Baltimore and Ohio, 7; Chicago and Grand Trunk, 11; Chicago and Atlantic, 11.

Maurice Barrymore, the actor and author of "Nadjezda," which is being played by Modjeska, and Andrew Dam, jr., son of the proprietor of the Union Square hotel, had a battle Tuesday night, at New York city, in one of the rooms of the hotel for $500 a side. A. R. Cazauran, the manager of the Union Square, was Barrymore's second and backer, while Bob Morris, a dramatic critic and the author of "Old Shipmates," was Dam's second. Ned Buckley, a prominent theatrical man, was referee. The men fought eight rounds with hard gloves, at the end of which time Dam was senseless, and had to be carried to another room. The men are all known to Fort Wayne theatrical people.

Henry Newhaus, the clever wall paper salesman, is in the city.

Read Talmage's sermon in to-day's issue. It will do you good.

A. C. Heustis, the wholesale grocer, is home from a business trip to New York City.

This afternoon Wm. Pete was tried by Justice Ryan for assaulting Minnie Clark, a little girl.

The republicans acted wisely in selecting O. A. Simons as a delegate to the national convention.

The police now carry tough hickory canes and blister the tramps who infest the city. This is the only effectual remedy for the pests.

The Fort Wayne base ball club play at St. Louis to-day and to-morrow. The St. Louis people are not shocked at a Sunday game of ball.

Fred Leichner was fined $12 for breaking into his father's saloon and tapping the cash drawer last night. Yesterday young Leichner got away with a $20 gold piece he was sent out to change. The kid is mentally unsound.

Dr. Elder, of the Indianapolis health board, is happy to say that the small pox has been effectually wiped out in Indianapolis. There is but one case remaining in the city, and the quarantine there will be raised to-morrow.

Mr. Liechte has agreed to plant shade trees on the market space and the city property, on Broadway, for twenty-five cents a piece. This is certainly cheap, and Councilman Pape has ordered the gentleman to go to work on his contract.

An infant child was left on the door step of Mr. Harbert on Jones street. Mr. and Mrs. Harbert will adopt the waif, who is but a few days old. If the matter was investigated a great sensation might be worked up, implicating prominent people.

Bob Smith, the theatrical man is at Indianapolis. Next summer will run asseries of excursions to Fort Wayne over all the railroads. In that way he expects to put thousands of dollars into the pockets of our business men and make a few dimes himself.

Peter H. Pernot, who holds a responsible position in the government department at Washington, will hereafter contribute weekly letters from the national capital to THE SENTINEL. Mr. Pernot is a bright young man and a spicy writer, besides he is a Fort Wayne boy.

A tramp, whose name is unknown, making his way to Logansport from Danville, Ill., was thrown from a freight train on the Wabash road and instantly torn into shreds by the cars, his body being mangled in the most horrible manner, hardly the resemblance of any part of a human being remaining.

The announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Mr. C. Kiel, of Kendallville, and Miss Lizzie Wichman, of this city. The ceremony will take place April 16th, at St. Paul's Lutheran church on Barr street. A reception follows at No. 218 Madison street. Over one hundred invitations have been extended. The bride will be remembered as formerly the pleasant saleslady at Upmeyer's.

The Gazette is quite humorous this morning. It says one hundred and seventy-three persons attended a republican meeting last night. If any one interested in that statement, will deposit $50 in the Hamilton National bank, THE SENTINEL will guarantee a similar wager that there were not a hundred people at the meeting and will further guarantee a wager that the vote for president preferences resulted: Blaine, 40; Washburn, 1; Sherman or Logan 1, and Arthur 1.

An original individual signing himself "B" or "Beat" cards the pot metal News to say the city editor of the THE SENTINEL is ignorant and that his squibs were written by the city editor of the Gazette. Now that is a crusher and it is positively cruel for "B" or "Beat" to unbosom himself to a cold and critical public, as it tempts to stamp him an imbecile. "B" or "Beat" can content himself with the information that whatever appears in THE SENTINEL local columns is written by the regular SENTINEL staff, and no assistance is asked or accepted. If "B" or "Beat" sends his name to THE SENTINEL he will be furnished a sample of our choicest English. We only want his name as a guarantee of good faith and will agree not to put hungry creditors on to his whereabouts.

The grand jury reported this afternoon to Judge Hench. Frank Higbee was indicted for petit larceny, John Johnson for assault and battery with intent to commit a nameless offense, Wm. Read, assault and battery with intent to murder and kill, Henry Doerste, petit larceny, William LaDuke, petit larceny and receiving stolen property, Joseph Manier, petit larceny, burglary and receiving stolen goods, and William Boyle, for murder in the first degree. The grand jury report they found the jail all right and safe, but deprecate the admission of visitors to the jail, where they give dangerous weapons to friends locked therein. The grand jury also report they examined the county infirmary and found it in excellent condition. They recommend the building of a new stable. The base ball business was not touched.

SIGHS TO BE SINGLE.

Emma Amstutz Applies for a Divorce from Peter Amstutz--Sensational Charges of Cruelty and Violence--An Injunction Asked.

In the superior court this morning, Randall & Pentield filed, for Emma Amstutz, an application for separation from her husband, Peter Amstutz. In the document, Emma tells pathetically how kind and lovingly she has been to her husband, and how, without pretext or provocation, he has doubted her chastity and talked too robust. She makes the sensational charge that Mr. Amstutz has threatened her life and last month pointed a revolver at her. She also says she fears bodily harm from her husband, who threatened to shoot her if she left his house, applied for a divorce or again got married. These injunctions Mrs. Amstutz is about to break, therefore she trembles least the irate husband put his threats into execution and implores the protection of the court. Mrs. Amstutz wants $500 alimony and prays for an injunction to prohibit the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad from paying him certain monies until her case is decided on. The parties live on John street and are quite well known.

TAPPED THE TILL.

Burglars Break Into Ed. Monok's House of Call and Leisurely Load Themselves With Cash, Cigars and Clothing.

There is evidently a slick gang of house breakers in the city, and the police feel chagrined that notwithstanding their precautions the gentry continue to get in their work. Last night Ed. Monok's saloon, corner of West Washington street and Broadway, was entered and robbed. The thieves forced their way through a rear window and then stowed away all the best cigars Mr. Monok had in stock. They pried the cash drawer open and captured about $5, but this did not suffice the rascals, who carried with them articles of clothing valued probably at $50. Altogether the burglars got about $100 out of Mr. Monok. The police are confident the work was done by local crooks and are shadowing suspicious characters closely.

RELIGIOUS.

The installation of a number of teachers will take place in the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow afternoon.

Berry street M. E. church. The pastor, the Rev. J. K. Waltz, will conduct the services. Subject for 10:30 a. m. "Preaching," for 7:30 p. m. "The Resurrected Christ." Attractive singing. All are welcome.

The ladies of the Simpson M. E. church will give a reception to Brother Cooper, at the church, on Tuesday evening, April 12, to which all are cordially invited. Admission 10 cents at the door; supper free.

The primary department of the Third Presbyterian Sunday school will give an Easter concert to-morrow evening. This department of the school has a very large attendance, and will no doubt interest their friends.

On next Monday Bishop Dwenger commemorates the twelfth anniversary of his consecration to the bishopric of Fort Wayne diocese. We are informed that the day will be sacredly kept at the Cathedral by appropriate services.

At the Congregational church to-morrow there will be services appropriate to Easter, morning and evening. Several persons will be received into membership at the morning service. In the evening there will be an Easter praise service.

At the Christian chapel, corner of Griffith and Jefferson streets, the pastor, George P. Slade, will deliver or discourse Lord's day, morning, at 10:30, city time, on "The Christian's Easter." "The Wonderful Temple." will be the evening subject.

The services of the Grace Reformed church will be held to-morrow at Rathbone hall at the usual hours. Morning subject: "Christ's Resurrection." Evening subject: "Perils to Faith in Eaying the Wicked." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

Rev. S. F. Marks, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, will occupy the pulpit to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. The sermon and music will both have reference to the resurrection. In the evening the Sunday school will give an Easter concert, to which all the friends of the school are invited.

Rev. Joseph Nussbaum, pastor of the German Catholic church at Laporte, will celebrate his silver jubilee, twenty-five years in the ministry, next Tuesday. Father Nussman was formerly at Decatur. A number of the clergy and Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger will lend their presence on the occasion.

Easter Sunday at the Cathedral to-morrow will be quite solemnly celebrated. Rt. Rev. Bislop Dwenger will be the celebrant of the mass. Monsignor Benoit will be the assistant priest. As is required in a Pontificial mass, the bishop will be served also by a deacon, subdeacon and master of ceremonies. The The choir will sing Gounod's "Mass of St. Cecilian," which has been carefully practiced. Mr. John Mohr, jr., will preside at the organ, and to him is due the credit of much work in this instance, encouraged as he was by the bishop in securing good and edifying music for the church services.

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." So should everybody be, when invited to attend upon divine worship. You will be most kindly received by pastor and congregation at all of the services to-morrow, at the Baptist church. Invite your neighbors also. Strangers welcome.

Threatened Passenger Rate War.

Dark clouds have for some time been gathering about the eastern passenger pool horizon, which threaten to break with dire disaster upon the organization. Evidence of bad faith has been gradually accumulating, and if offending lines do not speedily come to time serious trouble is apprehended. The alleged shortcomings have thus far been confined chiefly to second class business both east and west bound. East bound, the Chicago and Atlantic and the Chicago and Grand Trunk are freely charged with ticketing second-class passengers at the highest rate offered, and their competitors claim to be in possession of incontrovertible evidence of such a fact. The lines in question meet the allegations with unqualified denials, which, however, fail to convince their accusers. The principal cause of complaint, however, is on west-bound business, known as "prepaid" traffic. It is freely asserted that the Grand Trunk and the West Shore are monopolizing this traffic by the payment of large commissions to western immigration agents. The agreed rate of commissions by the pool lines is one dollar a ticket, and the lines claim to have positive evidence that the Grand Trunk and West Shore are paying from two to four dollars. The Pittsburg, Wabash and Nickel Plate roads are interested in the cut and people intent on travel had better await developments.

Building Permits.

City Clerk Rockhill has granted to John Hofer a permit to put up a two story frame house on lot 181, Hanna's addition, at a cost of $950; to Henry Brown a permit to erect a frame shed on lot 29, Hamilton's First addition, at a cost of $50; to O. Corcoran a permit to build a one story frame house on lot 6, Wilt's addition, at a cost of $500; to Joseph Mommer, jr., to construct a three story brick building on lot 106, old plat, at a cost of $3,000; to O. L. Starkey to enclose two sides of his house on lot 45, county addition, at an expense of $175; to William Menze a permit to build an addition to his house on lot 45, Comparet's addition, at a cost of $135; William Henchen permission to put a frame addition to his house on lot 603, Hanna's addition, at a cost of $150, and to J. W. Hilgeman to put up a one story frame house on lot 35, Chute's homestead, at a cost of $950.

For the Ladies.

There are some complaints to which women are peculiarly liable and from which they will suffer in silence for years, when they could be easily cured by the use of Pond's Extract. Its healing and soothing properties have met with universal and unqualified commendation from all using it. Ladies who have never used it will find it to their advantage to try it. If they once do so they will never be without it again. Send to 14 West Fourteenth street, New York, for a copy of our pamphlet, and read pages 13, 18, 21 and 26.

Every Day.

The Bond Bakery will have a nice variety of Dutch, Coffee and Cinnamon Cakes; Assorted, Small and Loaf Cakes, Rolls, Buns, Rusks, etc.

Bond's Original Boston Cream Bread.

Bond's Original Philadelphia Twist Bread.

Bond's Original Home Made Bread and other varieties.

Only the best and purest materials used. THE BOND BAKERY,

It 96 Calhoun street.

Certain druggists begin to complain that the only cough remedy they can now sell is Dr. Wistar's balsam of wild cherry. This goes to prove that intelligent people are determined to get the best remedy for coughs, colds and consumption, and will not take a substitute.

The spring term of the Conservatory of Music commences next Monday.

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GERMAN REMEDY

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,

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